

The Nation

VOL. XL.—NO. 1022.

THURSDAY, JANUARY 29, 1885.

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The Nation.

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Jan. 29, 1885]

The Nation.

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OFFICE OF THE
Atlantic Mutual
INSURANCE COMPANY.

NEW YORK, January 24, 1885.

The Trustees, in conformity to the Charter of the Company, submit the following Statement of its affairs on the 31st December, 1884.

Premiums on Marine Risks from 1st January, 1884, to 31st December, 1884.....	\$3,958,039 44
Premiums on Policies not marked off 1st January, 1884.....	1,447,756 70
Total Marine Premiums.....	\$5,405,796 14

Premiums marked off from 1st January, 1884, to 31st December, 1884.....	\$4,066,271 04
Losses paid during the same period.....	\$2,109,919 20
Returns of Premiums and Expenses.....	\$787,789 40

The Company has the following Assets, viz.: United States and State of New York Stock, City, Bank and other Stocks.....	\$8,776,685 00
Loans, secured by Stocks and otherwise.....	2,005,100 00
Real Estate and Claims due the Company, estimated at.....	440,000 00
Premium Notes and Bills Receivable.....	1,454,950 73
Cash in Bank.....	261,544 05
Amount.....	\$12,938,280 38

Six per cent. interest on the outstanding certificates of profits will be paid to the holders thereof, or their legal representatives, on and after Tuesday, the third of February next.

The outstanding certificates of the issue of 1880 will be redeemed and paid to the holders thereof, or their legal representatives, on and after Tuesday, the third of February next, from which date all interest thereon will cease. The certificates to be produced at the time of payment and cancelled.

A dividend of forty per cent. is declared on the net earned premiums of the Company, for the year ending 31st December, 1884, for which certificates will be issued on and after Tuesday, the fifth of May next.

By order of the Board,

J. H. CHAPMAN, Secretary.

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J. J. P. ODELL, Cashier.

Dated December 30, 1884.

TREASURY DEPARTMENT,
OFFICE OF THE COMPTROLLER OF THE CURRENCY,
WASHINGTON, December 27.

Whereas, by satisfactory evidence presented to the undersigned, it has been made to appear that "The Union National Bank of Chicago," in the City of Chicago, in the County of Cook and State of Illinois, has complied with all the provisions of the Revised Statutes of the United States required to be complied with before an association shall be authorized to commence the business of Banking:

Now, therefore, I, Henry W. Cannon, Comptroller of the Currency, do hereby certify that the Union National Bank of Chicago, in the City of Chicago, in the County of Cook and State of Illinois, is authorized to commence the business of Banking, as provided in Section 5109 of the Revised Statutes of the United States.

In testimony whereof witness my hand.

[Seal.] Seal of Office, this 27th day of December, 1884.

(Signed) H. W. CANNON, Comptroller of the Currency.

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OF THE

ÆTNA

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OF HARTFORD, CONN.

INCORPORATED IN 1850.

Financial Statement, January 1, 1885.

RECEIPTS to January 1, 1885.....	\$97,767,856 58
Paid to Policy-holders for claims by Death and Entomewments.....	28,300,529 31
Dividends to Policy-holders, and for Surrendered Policies.....	26,605,616 22
TOTAL paid to Policy-holders.....	\$54,915,145 53

Paid for TAXES.....	\$1,869,355 93
Paid for Re-Insurance.....	1,428,414 80

Profit and Loss.....	113,119 52
Expenses of Management.....	3,410,889 35

TOTAL DISBURSEMENTS.....	10,902,744 88
BALANCE.....	\$28,539,076 82

Market Value of Securities over cost.....	\$507,582 14
Interest due and accrued.....	519,117 52

Premiums in course of Collection.....	76,125 32
Quarterly and Semi Annual Premiums due subsequent to January 1, 1885.....	129,028 24

TOTAL ASSETS, January 1, 1885.....	\$29,771,230 04
LIABILITIES.....	

Reserve for Re-Insurance, assuming interest at 4 per cent.....	\$24,286,489 90
Less value of Policies of Re-Insurance.....	50,258 50

All other Liabilities.....	24,789,784 72
SURPLUS AS REGARDS POLICY-HOLDERS:	

By Connecticut and Massachusetts Standard.....	\$4,981,445 32
By Standard of New York, and most other States.....	6,440,000 00
Policies in force Jan. 1, 1885, 30,286, insuring.....	84,063,591 44

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For the year ending December 31st, 1884.

ASSETS.....\$103,876,178.51

Annuity Account.

	No.	Ann. Payments.		No.	Ann. Payments.
Annuities in force, Jan. 1st, 1884.....	61	\$23,134.31	Annuities in force, Jan. 1st, 1885.....	61	\$23,661.63
Premium Annuities.....		3,674.96	Premium Annuities.....		2,994.44
Annuities Issued.....	5	1,756.70	Annuities Terminated.....	5	1,909.90
	66	\$28,565.97		66	\$28,565.97

Insurance Account.

	No.	Amount.		No.	Amount.
Policies in force, Jan. 1st, 1884.....	110,990	\$342,946.032	Policies in force, Jan. 1st, 1885.....	114,804	\$151,789.285
Risks Assumed.....	11,194	34,675.98	Risks Terminated.....	7,380	25,332.736
	122,184	\$377,622.021		122,184	\$377,622.021

Dr.	Revenue Account.	Cr.
To Balance from last account.....	\$94,972,108.86	
" Premiums received.....	13,850,258.43	
" Interest and Rents.....	5,345,059.98	
	\$114,067,427.27	

Dr.	Balance Sheet.	Cr.
To Reserve at four per cent.....	\$98,242,543.00	
" Claims by death not yet due.....	862,387.00	
" Premiums paid in advance.....	27,477.36	
" Surplus and Contingent Guarantee Fund.....	4,743,771.15	
	\$103,876,178.51	

NOTE.—If the New York Standard of four and a half per cent. Interest be used, the Surplus is over \$12,000,000.

From the Surplus, as appears in the Balance Sheet a dividend will be apportioned to each participating Policy which shall be in force at its anniversary in 1885.

ASSETS.....\$103,876,178.51
NEW YORK, January 21, 1885.

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The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, JANUARY 29, 1885.

The Week.

THE success of the dynamite explosion in London is raising the question in many minds, and among them, we are informed, that of the Chief of our own detective force here, whether there is not something wrong with the London police. They have made one good stroke, since the alarm about dynamite began, in the discovery of a criminal laboratory in Birmingham, but only one. Such daring crimes as the explosion in the Government offices in Downing Street, the explosion under London Bridge, and the explosions on Saturday in the Parliament houses and the Tower, are unquestionably the work of a body of conspirators containing more than one, two, or three members. Their number is probably considerable, and they are well supplied with funds. They are engaged, too, in crimes for which the whole police force of Great Britain has been on the watch for two years. That in all this time no detective should have been able to get track of them, although they belong to the very leakiest class of criminals in the world, is something marvellous. There is one difficulty which may in some degree account for it, and that is that against Irish conspirators only Irish detectives can be employed; on account of the accent, Englishmen for this particular service are worthless. So that one can hardly help asking whether the Government is able to procure faithful service in this matter from Irishmen—that is, whether the fear of assassination or secret sympathy of its Irish agents with the men whom they are sent to pursue, is not doing a good deal for the success of the criminals. The situation is undoubtedly the most puzzling one with which any civilized government has had to deal, and one can hardly help fearing that it may lead to outbursts of savage fury on the part of Englishmen against the Irish population of the English towns.

The bill introduced into the State Senate on Monday, directed against the criminal use of dynamite, is likely to be more effective than Senator Edmunds's, in that it makes it a felony "to contribute or solicit money or other property for the sale, transportation, or use" of explosive compounds, knowing or having reason to believe that they are intended to be used for the unlawful destruction of life or property. But why should it not be made a felony to solicit or contribute money for any unlawful purpose, outside the State? Why confine this provision to the purchase of explosive compounds, when money is and has long been openly raised in this State for the purpose of paying the expenses of assassins, or of defending them if caught? Of course we do not believe that the State Bill, if passed, will be any more operative than Mr. Edmunds's bill. Both, we presume, are intended rather to show people in England that Americans feel sorry for them, than to reduce Ford and O'Donovan to harmlessness.

Unfortunately, at this most puzzling crisis, American legislators receive little or no help from the English press. Most of what is written in London about the responsibility of the United States, is apparently written by men who have no knowledge of the laws or Constitution of the United States. Even those who have some idea of the way in which criminal jurisdiction is divided in this country between the Federal and State Governments, and of the nature of American criminal procedure, appear to be under the impression that in all parts of the country acknowledged defects in penal legislation are occasionally remedied by lynch law; and that if the American imagination in New York can only be sufficiently impressed with the atrocity of O'Donovan's and Ford's offences, they may be punished by riot. In fact, among a large body of educated Englishmen there is a slumbering and somewhat vague belief that nearly every official in the United States, occasionally and on a pinch, exercises despotic power. The *Pall Mall Gazette* alone among the London newspapers appears to have kept its head clear. It ridicules the notion that protection from the dynamiters can be secured by American legislation, or by anything but increased vigilance on the part of the English police. It deprecates especially all displays of frantic terror or rage on the part of the English public; a very shrewd remark, because this terror and rage are the very things the dynamiters seek to produce. But over and above all this, the English public need to comprehend the condition of American opinion about the Irish question. They must not take the horror inspired by these outrages, or the dislike of the Irish which is to be found among the well-to-do classes in the great cities on the coast, as indications that the great bulk of the American people think well of the way in which Irish grievances are met and dealt with.

We observe with much interest that all the leading Blaine papers of the late campaign, the *Tribune*, *Boston Journal*, *Philadelphia Press*, and *Cincinnati Commercial Gazette*, can hardly find words strong enough to express their abhorrence of the Irish wretches who are responsible for the dynamite explosions in London. They approve warmly of the action which the Senate has taken, and some of them go further and hope that the House will pass a resolution similar to Senator Bayard's. This action "would not be amiss," says the *Philadelphia Press*— "not that the judgment of any American body could be in doubt; not that there is any foundation for the charge that this crusade is fostered on American soil with American toleration; but these are crimes against civilization, and it is well that the universal abhorrence should find not only public but official utterance." Oh, yes, there is foundation for the charge that "this crusade is fostered on American soil with American toleration," esteemed contemporary, and it can be found in the columns of your own paper and in those of all your Blaine associates whom we have

enumerated. Every one of you gave the crusade American toleration when you welcomed the co-operation of Patrick Ford and the *Irish World* in your effort to elect Blaine. You knew what he was just as well then as you do now. You knew that the business of his newspaper was the collection of money for dynamite outrages and for the protection of assassins. You knew that in the same issues of his paper in which he was supporting Blaine he was announcing every week contributions to his "Emergency Fund," and was openly avowing the object of that fund to be dynamite warfare on England. Knowing all this, you quoted from his paper with admiring comments. Mr. Halsted telegraphed long extracts from it to his paper in Cincinnati, and spoke of it as "doing splendid work for Blaine."

This was not mere toleration—it was direct encouragement. It was the first time in its history that the *Irish World* had received respectful recognition from decent Americans. Its editor was greatly delighted with it, and went forward in his dynamite work with renewed vigor. Who can say that these very London outrages, which are exciting the horror of Christendom, were not planned during the Blaine campaign—planned, too, with the expectation that Blaine would be elected and would adopt a policy which would be in sympathy with them? That his Irish supporters believed he would adopt such a policy as President, cannot be denied. That was the sole ground for their support of him, and the Blaine editors who are now rolling their eyes in horror were doing everything in their power to strengthen the belief. Blaine himself encouraged that belief, and after the election publicly thanked Ford and the other dynamite Irish leaders for "their strong and valuable support." Of all the demagogic proceedings of this prince of charlatans, this Irish phase of his campaigning was the most disreputable and unscrupulous.

The President has evidently made up his mind to abandon all further pretence of being a friend of civil-service reform. His appointments of Carpenter to be Governor of Montana, and Mr. Davis to be a Judge of the Court of Claims, are now followed by that of Andrew S. Draper as a Judge of the Court of Commissioners of Alabama Claims. Mr. Draper has no other qualification for the place than is to be found in his steadfast friendship for the President, and his zealous efforts to advance the latter's political fortunes. It begins to look as if the President were going to devote himself, during the closing weeks of his term, to putting his favorites into as comfortable places as he can find for them. The prospect is not reassuring, for, by delaying unreasonably, a large number of appointments he has now many vacancies awaiting action, and the samples of friends which he has already given us are not of the most encouraging character. This Alabama Claims vacancy has been existing for two months, although the President was aware that it was of the utmost importance to have it filled at

once. There are many other such cases, and the President's delay in filling them, coupled with the character of his appointments when he does take action, are calculated to detract seriously from what would otherwise be a very creditable administrative record.

The published testimony taken in relation to certain alleged improper allowances, in the office of the First Comptroller of the Treasury, of accounts pertaining to the Department of Justice shows, among other things, how utterly meaningless are letters of recommendation, and with what recklessness they are furnished by politicians to those seeking a Government place. It will be remembered that an open letter was addressed to the President last October by a Mr. Barker, who had then recently resigned a clerkship in the Treasury Department, containing charges of systematic frauds in the adjustment of accounts by the First Comptroller. Barker's evidence before the committee appointed to investigate the charges was very materially injured by proof of his bad reputation for truth and veracity. Among those who testified to Mr. Barker's bad character was S. J. Crawford, a former Governor of Kansas, who declared that his reputation had been such in that State for the past ten years that he would not believe him on oath. The ex-Governor had to admit, however, on cross-examination, that only last July he wrote a letter to the Secretary of the Interior to the effect that Mr. Barker would, without doubt, give good satisfaction and make an efficient officer if appointed a pension examiner. He added that this letter was written because he was led to believe that Barker was trying to reform; and when asked, "Reform from what?" he replied, "From a consummate liar to a man of truth, and from a thief to an honest man." The whole testimony of the witness is that in Kansas, where Barker had lived, he had never heard him mentioned but in an unfavorable way. The letter, as he took pains to point out to the committee, contained nothing concerning Barker's character. It would seem that, in Mr. Crawford's opinion, one need have no character to be a pension examiner. If he is active and efficient, and not, like the little girl student of the catechism, "past redemption," he will do very well.

The death in Canada of "Tom" Fields leaves Sweeney, at present wandering somewhere in Europe, and Oakey Hall in London, the only conspicuous members of the Tweed Ring who still survive. Fields was one of the boldest thieves of the lot. He entered politics through Tammany Hall early in life, and won a deservedly high reputation for ability to make large sums of money out of every office which he held. He served as Public Administrator of this city, Assemblyman, State Senator, Police Commissioner, Park Commissioner, and Corporation Attorney, and in each of these positions he added largely to his growing private fortune. It is said of him that he made the office of Corporation Attorney "worth" \$100,000 a year. His most notorious piece of robbery was in originating and collecting, by means of bills passed

through the Legislature by bribery, two sets of alleged "firemen's claims" which were entirely imaginary. Fields's share in this plunder was nearly \$200,000. He was indicted for bribery in February, 1872, and when the trial came on in October of that year, he was not to be found. It was discovered that he had converted all his property into cash and negotiable securities, amounting to about \$1,000,000, and had left the country and deserted his wife. He went first to Cuba, then to France, and then to Canada, where he lived in "princely style" until his death. Judgment was found against him by the city in 1873, for over a half million dollars, but his absence prevented any further action.

A professor of "fine work" in Chicago is an artist who handles election returns after the votes are cast, and makes the result more or less widely variant from the intention of the voters. The professors have been in practice a long time, with the view of finding out how much "fine work" the public will stand without resorting to a vigilance committee. Ordinary jury trials they have learned to despise, because ordinarily they make the juries themselves. But in the recent election they overpassed the line of safety by a hair, and the consequences have not been a vigilance committee and its attendant inconveniences, but, wonderful to relate, a legal investigation wholly beyond their control and outside of their comprehension. It appears that they had two jobs on hand last fall, one to elect Brand in place of Leman to the State Senate, and the other to secure by popular vote an appropriation of \$100,000 for additional policemen—*i. e.*, for more places to be filled by their friends. The returns showed that the appropriation had been carried. The investigation of the Leman-Brand case led incidentally to a recount of the ballots cast for other persons and things, and the astounding discovery was made that the vote for the \$100,000 appropriation was some 14,000 less than that returned for it, and that the majority was really against it. What else the investigation may show is not yet known, but it will probably show the doors of the penitentiary to some of the professors of fine work.

The Grand Jury investigation has yielded other curious results, not the least remarkable of which is the mathematical decision to bring in indictments against all judges of election whose returns vary more than 10 per cent. from the actual vote cast. Even after allowing this margin for pardonable error, indictments were found against sixty or seventy judges. The clerks of election were not indicted. There was much running to and fro among the election judges and their friends when the intentions of the Grand Jury became noised about, and strenuous efforts were made to save the more respectable of them from the disgrace of an indictment, but the Jury were inexorable. Any man who couldn't count votes so as to come within 10 per cent. of the true result, must pay a fine or stand trial, with the chance of going to jail. It is the common opinion that, except in a few glaring cases, the judges intended to do their work properly, but that they did it very care-

lessly, and that it is really necessary to "make an example" in order to secure better counting hereafter.

The deadlock in the Illinois Legislature, resulting from the attempt of Mr. Haines, the temporary Speaker of the House, to make himself permanent Speaker without the formality of an election, has been broken by his voluntary retirement from the chair, after presiding for two weeks over a pandemonium of his own making. Haines was elected as an Independent in a strong Republican county. Finding himself the balance of power in an equally divided House—the membership consisting of 37 Republicans and 37 Democrats, and Haines—he made his trade with the Democrats and was elected temporary Speaker by their votes. The understanding was that he should then vote for a straight Democrat for permanent Speaker. Both parties had had experience of him as a slippery customer in former Legislatures, and neither would trust him implicitly. But nobody had anticipated the full measure of his resources as the weasel of Illinois politics. Seated in the Speaker's chair, he coolly called in question the right of the House to make two elections of Speaker at the same session. According to his interpretation of public law and parliamentary procedure, the House had exhausted its powers in that behalf when it had elected one Speaker—an abstract proposition not destitute of force, but which was rendered laughable by reason of the source from which it came. The House wasted little time in discussing first principles with Haines, but took steps to get rid of him in a parliamentary way by making the place too hot for him. Motions to adjourn, to call the roll, and other proceedings, commonly called filibustering, were rained upon him from day to day by both parties acting in concert, until he was forced to resign, when the Republicans promptly moved that Mr. Cronkrite, the Democratic nominee for permanent Speaker, be elected temporary Speaker in place of Haines, and the motion was carried unanimously.

Underlying this protracted contest over the Speakership is evidently some intrigue regarding the Senatorship, but what it may be is not quite clear. The great majority of Republican members are determined to stand by General Logan under all circumstances, and in this they are wise. A dicker by which they might possibly elect somebody whom they do not want, and whom the people do not want, would do them more harm than the election of a Democrat. General Logan was sacrificed in the late campaign on the altar of his party. He did not want to be Vice-President. He preferred to remain a Senator if he could not be President. He obeyed the imperious order of his party when he accepted the second place on the ticket. The ticket was beaten by the nomination of Blaine, and the same weakness which carried down the national ticket lost the Legislature of Illinois. Under such circumstances the party cannot abandon him without producing widespread demoralization.

Senator Hoar, in the course of his remarks at the memorial services in the Senate in honor of the late Senator Anthony, said: "He was

fortunate in his life. He lived and took a great part in great historic events in a great age. His Senatorial service corresponded almost exactly with the term of power enjoyed by the great party to which he belonged." Mr. Anthony was as fortunate in his death as he was in his life. He entered the Senate in 1859, when the Republican party was on the eve of coming into power, and he died in September, 1884, on the eve of his party's departure from power. He was, during his twenty-five years of public life, a Republican through and through. The idea of opposing the will of his party was to him something monstrous, and the Republicans who under any circumstances followed such a course, were in his opinion worthy of the severest reprobation. While a man of strong convictions and irreproachable character, he believed with all his heart in keeping his party in power by the use of all possible partisan means. In Rhode Island he built up a political machine which for compactness and efficiency had no superior anywhere, and even his warmest admirers are forced to admit that he used it to put into office and keep there some men whose qualifications for their positions were at least very doubtful. His partisanship grew more intense with age, and if he had lived to see his party overthrown, and himself deprived of the power of patronage, his life would have been very unhappy.

In the beginning of 1879 the Clearing-houses of New York and Boston passed a resolution that all balances should be paid in gold or legal-tender notes, and that silver dollars should be received only from depositors who would agree to receive silver in payment of their checks. This resolution remained in force in both cities until the passage of the act for renewing the charters of national banks some eighteen months ago. In this a proviso was inserted, on the motion of Senator Beck, of Kentucky, that no national bank should be a member of a clearing-house at which silver certificates were not received in payment of balances; silver certificates, by the way, not being legal tender. The New York Clearing-house thereupon simply rescinded its resolution of 1879. The Boston Clearing-house went a step further, and voted to receive silver certificates. Some of her more experienced and far-seeing financiers protested against this policy, and predicted that a time would come when New York funds would command a premium in Boston, since silver certificates were made bankable by affirmative action in the latter city, while in the former the question of receiving them was still in abeyance. The condition predicted has come to pass. New York exchange commands a premium of seventy-five cents per \$1,000 in Boston, although the express charges for shipping currency are only 40 cents per \$1,000. Of course, there is great indignation in Boston. The Treasury Department has simply taken Boston at her word, and paid her in the funds which she has elected to receive. Silver certificates have not been forced upon New York, because the Department has decided to fight off the silver crisis as long as possible, hoping that Congress may suspend the coinage and stop the wasteful expenditure which it involves. Washington despatches indicate that the Secretary of

the Treasury will take steps, not to bring on the crisis by requiring the New York banks to take silver certificates, but to minimize the difficulty in Boston by restricting the payment of silver certificates there. This is, by all means, the wisest policy. Of course, such a step merely postpones the evil day, but it is the duty of the Secretary to postpone it, and to give the Administration of President Cleveland the opportunity to bring about a suspension of the silver coinage if it shall be able to do so.

The Tenement House Cigar Act, which the Court of Appeals have recently set aside as unconstitutional, has been very often discussed, and has been before the courts for not quite a year. A bill was passed last session, within a week or so of the Oleomargarine Bill (which protects the dairymen's trades union), prohibiting "the manufacture of cigars or preparation of tobacco in any form on any floor, or in any part of any floor, in any tenement house," when family arrangements go on there too. The act in question was alleged to be, and probably was, a trades-union bill, favored by the workmen in the large manufactories in order that their work might not be undersold. They painted a terrible picture of the taskmasters who, to save a few pennies, turned small family living apartments into reeking workshops. And they were to a certain extent encouraged by the philanthropists of this city, who did not reflect that, as this labor was better paid than most others and had fewer expenses, so the tenements in which it was carried on belonged to the better class of such houses. And further, that any such law would drive industry to neighboring parts like Jersey City, where no such restrictions are imposed, and the sanitary arrangements are not so good as here. This sanitary question is of course the question at issue. Judge Earl decides that the Act is not a health-law, and is therefore unconstitutional. The main advantage to be derived from the wide publication this opinion of the Court of Appeals has received will come from its plain language, and the broad view it takes of the special class legislation of which there is now so much on our statute-books.

Mr. James Russell Lowell, in the discussion following his lecture on "Labor and Wages in America" before the Society of Arts recently in London, told the simple truth when he said that "what far-sighted Englishmen" now most fear as a menace to English industrial supremacy is the adoption of a free-trade policy in the United States. The absurd stories about the eagerness of the Cobden Club and British manufacturers to break down the American tariff, in order to get their goods into this market, do well enough for campaign thunder in this country, but they help to conceal the real truth of the situation. British exports to the United States, in spite of the enormous purchases of our food products, only amount to \$155,000,000 in round numbers, out of a total to all parts of the world of \$1,205,000,000, or about one-eighth. What far-sighted Englishmen fear is having to contend with the United States for the remaining seven-eighths of the

trade all over the rest of the world, which they would assuredly have to do if, in addition to cheap food, Americans had cheap raw material and cheap machinery.

Colonel Burnaby's death appears to interest the Londoners more than any other incident of General Stewart's battle. He made himself also very conspicuous in the two fights before Suki-kim, where he served as a volunteer, and was very prominent in the slaughter of the defeated Arabs. This raised a question of casuistry in the press, whether a man not serving in the fighting force was justified in killing the enemy on the field. It was, however, decided in Burnaby's favor, even by the stricter moralists, on the ground that the army is the country, and that every Englishman is justified in helping it in action by such means as he may have at command. Burnaby first made himself known as a daring traveller in Central Asia, who turned his adventures to account by using them to fan the flame of Russophobia by which the Beaconsfield Ministry was then trying to live, and he was for a time one of the leading heroes of Jingoism.

The scramble for Africa is daily becoming more lively. Almost all the European nations are agitated by participation, or by a desire to participate, in it. France, not content with her vast Algerian possessions, with the recently occupied Tunis, with territories on the Senegal and the Gaboon, with points in Madagascar and islands adjoining it, with Obock on the Gulf of Aden, with the lands between the Ogoway and the Congo which De Brazza procured her by purchase and treaty, wrangles with the African Association for a portion of the south bank of the latter river. The Association itself is about founding a state of vast dimensions on both sides of the Congo, under the auspices of the King of Belgium. England, in addition to her numerous possessions on the Guinea coast and north of the Cape, temporarily holds Egypt and Nubia, fights on the upper Nile and the shore of the Red Sea, hoists her flag over St. Luis Bay in Zulu Land, occupies Pondoland, and is about entering upon a contest with the Boers for the wilds of the Bechuanas. Germany has planted her flag in Upper Guinea, at the mouth of the Cameroons, in Namaqua and Damara Lands, and, according to late despatches, on points near the Senegal. Between this river and the border of Morocco, Spain is reported to have grasped some strips of territory. Portugal contends for her excessive old claims. An Italian expedition has just sailed through the Red Sea for the military occupation of the territory of Assab, near the Strait of Bab-el-Mandeb and the French settlement at Obock, and all over Italy suddenly the cry is raised by the press that Tripoli must be annexed to the kingdom. And, last of all, an agitation has been begun by a powerful Moscow journalist, M. Katkoff, for the establishment of a Russian protectorate over parts of Abyssinia, in order that the great Slavic Empire may have its share in the spoils of the dark continent, and in the guardianship of the Red Sea, the naval highway between Russia's Black Sea coasts and her possessions on the eastern shores of Asia.

SUMMARY OF THE WEEK'S NEWS.

[WEDNESDAY, January 21, to TUESDAY, January 27, 1885, inclusive.]

DOMESTIC.

MR. EDMUNDS introduced a bill in the Senate on Saturday to prevent and punish crimes by means of explosive compounds. It was a mere draft, but although imperfect he submitted it in order that it might be referred to the Committee on the Judiciary for early consideration and perfection. It may, he added, raise a question between the rights of the United States and the duties of the separate States, but the Committee would take the whole subject into consideration. The bill provides for the punishment of any one engaged in the manufacture, sale, or conveyance of explosive compounds with intent to destroy life and property in this or any foreign country.

In the Senate on Saturday Mr. Bayard introduced a resolution expressing "horror and detestation of such crimes against civilization" as that of which the Senate had just heard, with "indignation and profound sorrow," through the press despatches from London. The resolution was taken up on Monday. Mr. Riddleberger moved that it be referred to the Committee on Foreign Relations, but it was defeated by 2 to 55, the affirmatives being Messrs. Van Wyck and Riddleberger. Mr. Riddleberger then moved that further consideration of the resolution be postponed until next Wednesday. He declared that the Senate had not sufficient information upon which to base action of this kind. The body was asked to vote in a way which would be interpreted as sympathy with England and against Ireland. Mr. Hoar (Rep., Mass.) said the Senator from Virginia seemed to treat the occurrence in London as if it were a warfare adopted by the Irish people against England. He (Mr. Hoar) had among his constituents many persons of Irish descent, intelligent, brave, manly people. He thought he was justified in stating that the doctrine expressed in the resolution was their doctrine, as it was that of other American people. The making of war upon unoffending women and children was as repugnant to these citizens as to any other people. Senator Ingalls (Rep., Kan.) noticed in the papers that feelings were prevalent in England on Saturday in favor of bringing some pressure to bear upon America in this respect. He would vote for the resolution, not as an apology, not as an expression of sympathy, but as an expression of abhorrence for such crimes. The explosions on Saturday shook the foundations of every capitol in Christendom. Senators Hawley and Gibson spoke in favor of the resolution of condemnation. The motion to postpone was defeated by 1 to 62, and the resolution was passed by 63 to 1 (namely, Mr. Riddleberger).

In the House of Representatives on Monday Mr. Findlay (Dem., Md.) offered a resolution, which was referred to the Committee on Foreign Affairs, calling on the Secretary of State for information as to whether any citizen of the United States, or persons domiciled within the same, were concerned or participated directly or indirectly in bringing about the recent explosions in London.

The House bill for the retirement and recoinage of the trade dollars was reported in the Senate on Tuesday with amendments. It provides that until July 1, 1885, United States trade dollars, if not defaced, mutilated, or stamped, shall be received at the office of the Treasurer or any Assistant Treasurer of the United States in exchange for a like amount, dollar for dollar, of standard silver dollars of the United States. The trade dollars are to be recoined into standard silver dollars. The President is authorized to renew negotiations with the States of the "Latin Union" and with other foreign Powers, for the purpose of making treaties with them in order to secure such co-operation as may enable the nations agreeing thereto to open their respective mints to the free coinage of silver, with full legal-tender power, at an agreed ratio to gold. In case no such trea-

ties shall be ratified prior to August 1, 1886, the coinage of standard dollars under the Act of February, 1878, shall be suspended.

In the House on Wednesday the Agricultural Appropriation Bill was introduced. It appropriates \$546,290, being \$152,820 less than the estimates. The Committee of Ways and Means reported a bill to authorize the establishment of export tobacco manufactures, and allowing drawbacks on imported articles used in manufacturing exported tobacco. On Friday both houses of Congress were presented with handsome silk flags by the Women's Silk Culture Association of the United States. The flags were made of silk raised in American homes, by American women and children, reeled, spun, dyed, woven, and mounted in Philadelphia.

Mr. Hurd (Dem., O.) offered in the House on Friday a preamble and resolution, reciting that certain bills appropriating money from the Treasury, originating in the Senate, are now on the Speaker's table, to wit, the Blair Educational Bill and many others, and that it is asserted that these bills are in violation of the privileges of the House to exclusively originate bills for raising revenue, and directing the Judiciary Committee to inquire into the power of the Senate to originate bills appropriating revenue, and to report to the House at any time. After a debate the resolution was laid upon the table by a vote of 127 to 123. A motion to take up the Mexican Pension Bill was defeated by 103 to 120.

The House Committee on Appropriations on Monday reported the Army Appropriation Bill. It provides for an appropriation of \$24,429,053. The estimated appropriation amounted to \$26,110,490.

The River and Harbor Committee of the House have decided to adopt the Eads scheme for the improvement of Galveston, Texas, harbor, appropriating \$750,000 for the coming year, and giving Captain Eads \$5,000 a year salary for supervising the work.

Mr. Randall is said to be disgusted with the action of some of his associates on the Grant Retirement Bill, and asserts that if he can obtain recognition on the second Monday in February, he will move for a suspension of the rules and the passage of the Edmunds bill in regard to General Grant.

A fire, on Monday morning, occurred in the House of Representatives at Washington, under the iron roof, among some books and papers. It was soon extinguished, and the damage was very slight. Electric wires are supposed to have caused it.

President Arthur on Friday nominated his political friend and henchman, Andrew S. Draper, to be a Judge of the Court of Commissioners of Alabama Claims.

A resolution was offered in the Assembly at Albany on Thursday morning by Mr. Barnum, directing a special committee to investigate the scandalous rumors connected with the last part of Mayor Edson's administration in this city. The general assumption is that it is a movement specially against Judges Truax and Beach.

In the Senate at Albany on Friday a bill was passed appropriating \$250,000 for the temporary continuation of work on the Capitol.

In the Assembly at Albany on Monday night, General Husted introduced three bills for the preservation of the Adirondack forests. In the Senate, Mr. Gilbert introduced a bill to regulate the manufacture and sale of dynamite. It provides that any person who shall manufacture, buy, or sell, or bring within the limits of the State, any nitrate or chlorate explosive compound for the destruction of life or property in any place whatsoever shall be deemed guilty of felony and punished by imprisonment for a term of years. Any person aiding or abetting is to be treated as a principal, and any one contributing or soliciting contributions for the purpose is to be deemed guilty of felony. It also provides that no person shall manufac-

ture, buy, sell, or transport the above compounds without an official permit; and that all persons who sell them must keep a record of such sales, including the kind and the amount of the explosive, with the date of sale. A similar bill has been introduced in the Massachusetts Legislature.

Speeches openly rejoicing in the London explosions, and advocating wholesale destruction of life and property, were made by the Chicago Socialists on Sunday.

The Wisconsin Republican legislative caucus on Wednesday night nominated John C. Spooner for United States Senator.

The coldest weather ever recorded at Mount Washington was experienced on Thursday morning, the thermometer registering fifty degrees below zero.

Reports from remote districts in Texas are coming in, to the effect that the loss of cattle by starvation and exposure has been very great. A prominent stockman estimates it at 5 per cent. of the 15,000,000 head of cattle in that State. Reports from Kansas and Nebraska are also very bad.

The creditors of Oliver Brothers have accepted the proposition for a five years' extension of time, with some slight modifications.

At a meeting of the directors of the Metropolitan Opera-house of this city on Thursday, it was resolved that Dr. Damrosch should be empowered to select a company and make arrangements for a season of German opera, to begin, probably, next November, and end early in 1886. It was also decided to increase Dr. Damrosch's salary next season from \$10,000 to \$12,000.

Two deaths from what is pronounced to be genuine cholera were reported in St. Louis on Wednesday.

Thomas Craig Fields, better known as "Tom" Fields, of Tweed Ring notoriety, died on Sunday of pneumonia, on his farm near St. Andrews, Canada.

FOREIGN.

London was startled on Saturday afternoon by three terrific explosions about 2:10 o'clock. It soon became known that an attempt had been made to blow up the Houses of Parliament. The first explosion was in the crypt of Westminster Hall; the second, three minutes later, was under the Peers' gallery of the House of Commons. Saturday being visitors' day, the building contained many sightseers. The western extremity of the House was totally wrecked. All the woodwork about the Peers' gallery was shattered and a wide hole was made through the floor. The gallery was displaced, and even the solid stone-work of the doorways was pulverized or shifted from its position. The gallery benches were overturned and broken, and the gallery generally dismantled. At Westminster Hall four persons were badly injured, including two policemen. A lady who was in the hall spied the infernal machine and called the attention of Policeman Cole, who was on duty at the time, to it. He rushed to the spot, seized the machine, and attempted to extinguish the fuse, but was not quick enough. The fuse burned so rapidly that the officer became alarmed and dropped the box. The explosion followed almost immediately after. One half of the hall was wrecked.

Almost simultaneously with these explosions a third occurred in the Tower of London. The place was filled with visitors. The explosive was placed in the inmost structure known as the White Tower. The report was terrific and was heard for miles along the Thames. Sixteen persons, including a number of children, were injured. The damage to the Tower itself was not very great.

Excitement throughout the city increased in intensity during the day. Guards of soldiers and police were stationed around all public buildings. A number of arrests were made.

The excitement on Monday and Tuesday was unabated, and there were threats of lynching the authors of the outrage if found.

All the people injured by the explosion are doing well. Cox and Cole, the injured policemen, recovered sufficiently on Sunday to make a statement which it is thought may lead to important arrests. Cunningham, a mysterious Irishman, who was arrested at the Tower on Saturday, was arraigned on Monday in the Bow Street police court. An inspector deposed that he examined the prisoner at the Tower; that he (the prisoner) was confused and gave contradictory answers to the questions propounded. The prisoner, the inspector said, first gave a wrong address as to his place of abode. He formerly resided in America. The prisoner admitted that the inspector was correct in his testimony, but refused to say anything further. He was remanded until February 3.

The official estimates made by the British Government inspectors place the amount of the pecuniary damage wrought by the explosions in Westminster Hall, the House of Commons, and the Tower at \$70,000.

The *Pall Mall Gazette* on Monday, in an article on the explosions, said: "It is both undignified and foolish to scream about America. If O'Donovan Rossa were hanged to-morrow and the collection of money for the skirmishing fund made a criminal offence, it would fail to stop the outrages."

The Paris *Gil Blas* asserts that the whole conspiracy was hatched in that city, in an English printing-office, and that the infernal machines were manufactured in the St. Denis quarter.

General Lord Wolseley, on Wednesday afternoon, sent to the British War Office a despatch, dated "Korti, January 21, 3 P. M.," announcing a British victory in the Sudan. In the despatch he said: "General Stewart has had a heavy engagement with a portion of the Mahdi's forces near the Abu-Klea wells, about twenty-three miles this side of Metemneh. The rebels had collected from Berber, Metemneh, and Umdeman. This last place, I regret to say, the prisoners report, was recently captured by the Mahdi, and thus the men were released from there to fight General Stewart. On Saturday, January 17, General Stewart endeavored to draw the enemy on to make an attack, but the rebels hesitated. In consequence of this General Stewart left all his impediments and camels under guard of the Sussex regiment and some mounted infantry, and moved forward, keeping his forces in the form of a square. All the men were on foot. The British army passed round the enemy's left flank, forcing them to make an attack or be subject to an enfilade fire. The enemy wheeled to the left and delivered a well-organized charge under a withering fire from our men. The square was unfortunately penetrated about its left rear, where a heavy cavalry and camel regiment were in position, by sheer weight of numbers. The admirable steadiness of our men enabled them to maintain a hand-to-hand fight with the opposing force, while severe punishment was being inflicted upon the enemy by all other parts of the square. The enemy were finally driven back under heavy fire from all sides. The Nineteenth Hussars then pushed forward to the wells, which were in our possession by five in the evening. The enemy left not less than 800 slain around the square. General Stewart's operations have been most creditable to him as a commander, and the nation has every reason to be proud of the gallantry and splendid spirit of her Majesty's soldiers on this occasion. Our losses were 9 commissioned officers killed and 9 wounded, and 65 non-commissioned officers and men killed and 85 wounded. General Stewart's force consists of about 1,500 men, all told." Among the killed was Colonel Burnaby, hero of the "Ride to Khiva." General Stewart's column immediately resumed its march to Metemneh.

It was reported on Thursday that General Stewart had occupied Metemneh, but this was

not confirmed. On the other hand, it was asserted that the rebels held it.

There was great uneasiness in London on Friday because no news had been received from General Stewart since the battle. Private advices received late that afternoon from Korti asserted that the rebels had surrounded General Stewart in the desert, where he had taken up an intrenched position to await reinforcements from General Wolseley. Deserters from the rebel lines stated that the Mahdi's officers consider the affair at Abu-Klea wells a drawn battle. The Government discredited these reports. On Monday the anxiety was intense because no news had yet been received.

A rumor was circulated at Cairo on Friday that General Stewart's troops had been routed by El Mahdi. It was generally believed, and the natives assumed such a threatening attitude that ball cartridges were served out to the British garrison. The officials at the British War Office believe that General Wolseley may find it imperatively necessary to reinforce the troops operating against El Mahdi.

General Earle's column, thoroughly provisioned and equipped, comprising artillery, cavalry, and camel corps, started on Saturday from Hamdab for Berber. The march is to be made by way of Abu Hamed.

General Lord Wolseley telegraphed from Korti on Monday that he had received no further news from General Stewart. He assures the Government that in his opinion there is no cause for anxiety at this long absence of intelligence, for additional reports must come by camel couriers with a British escort. The first despatch was brought in by Bashi-Bazouks.

A large convoy was sent by General Wolseley on Monday from Korti to the Gakdul Wells, and it is to proceed in the direction taken by General Stewart with all possible speed.

Mr. Parnell, in a lecture at Cork on Friday night, said that the day was not far distant when the Irish Parliament would be restored.

Mr. Morgan O'Connell, second son of Daniel O'Connell, the great Irish agitator, is dead.

Minister Lowell presided at the meeting of the Society of Arts in London on Wednesday evening. In the course of his remarks he said that his position prevented his expressing an opinion on the subject, but he would say that many far-sighted Englishmen believed the adoption of free trade in America would give England dangerous competition in all the markets of the world, because many American fabrics were more honest than English goods of the same description. Free trade would enable America soon to equal England's mercantile marine, which had heretofore been impossible through the operation of the American navigation law and tariff. England would find America the most intelligent competitor she had yet met.

It was asserted by the *Pall Mall Gazette* on Thursday that the Cabinet had accepted the French proposals regarding Egyptian finances as a basis for negotiation, provided that no "multiple control" shall be instituted, and the coupon shall be taxed instead of cut. Germany and Russia will be admitted to representation in the Caisse de la Dette Publique. England will offer to guarantee a loan of £9,000,000, but is willing to discuss the question of international guarantee if the Powers are unanimous on this point.

The Paris *Mémorial Diplomatique* has expressed displeasure at the behavior of the American delegates to the Congo Conference. It attributes the delay in the conclusion of the labors of the Conference to the numerous proposals which have been introduced by those gentlemen, whom it styles the "godfathers of the newly-born State." Mr. Henry M. Stanley, it says, "speaks everywhere in genuine Yankee style, attacking and insulting the Conference of the Powers. The German proposals would have been accepted long ago but for American opposition."

Elections for Senators were held throughout France on Sunday. Sixty-seven Republicans and twenty Conservatives were elected; a gain of twenty two Republicans.

Gen. Brière Delisle telegraphed on Friday to the French Minister of War, announcing that he has at least 80,000 Chinese troops before him, so strongly entrenched as to render any direct attack hopeless. He therefore suggests a complete change in the plan of the campaign; that the 12,000 reinforcements be sent to Pakhoi, and not to Haiphong, so that they can fight the Chinese army in the rear, while General Negrier attacks it in front.

On Saturday news was received that the French troops, under Admiral Courbet, who had attempted to seize the mines at Kelung had been seriously repulsed, with a loss of seventy-five men in killed and wounded. The fighting was very severe. The French troops are being organized for a combined attack on Kelung and Tamsui.

The first accounts of the French repulse at Kelung were exaggerated. Admiral Courbet telegraphs as follows: "A detachment of African light infantry imprudently attempted to carry strong Chinese earthworks south of Kelung, and was repulsed. Nineteen men were killed; twelve were seriously and fourteen slightly wounded. Reinforcements have since arrived and landed at Kelung in excellent health."

A severe anti-Socialist law has been introduced in the Austro-Hungarian Reichsrath. It forbids the formation of clubs, provides for Government control of charitable societies in order to prevent the covering up of Socialist plots; empowers the authorities to forbid any public meeting, and to confiscate Socialist pamphlets, whether printed in Austria or abroad. The last clause of the bill provides that persons accused of Socialistic offences shall be tried without jury. The act is to remain in force five years. The Explosives Bill also introduced allows punishment by death where culprits could foresee the fatal effect of their deeds.

An attempt was made by Nihilists on Saturday to assassinate a Police Superintendent in St. Petersburg.

A convention was concluded on January 12 between Russia and Prussia, and has been in force several days, providing for the extradition of persons guilty of murder, attempted murder, or of committing or preparing to commit acts against the German or Russian Emperors or their families, such as assassination, acts of violence causing bodily injury, abduction, or insults. The convention also provides that persons guilty of the illegal manufacture or storage of explosives shall be extraditable.

Emperor William has entirely recovered his health.

The German Reichstag on Friday, after a protracted debate, adopted by a large majority a grant of \$37,500 to be used in exploring Central Africa. This is a success for Bismarck.

Many more villages in Italy have been overwhelmed by avalanches, and the loss of life is terrible. Most of the accidents seem to have occurred in the province of Cuneo, at Frassino, Valgrana, etc. The village of Rubasso is almost completely buried under the snow. Scores of people have been killed there, and over 200 men, women, and children are wounded and homeless.

The Canadian Minister of Agriculture has delivered a decision in the case of the Bell Telephone Company, declaring the patent void for the reason that the company or its representatives had imported the patented articles after twelve months from the date of the patent.

The Montreal ice carnival was successfully opened on Monday morning. The city is filled with visitors.

An infernal machine was recently sent to the President of Chili. It was arranged to go off when opened. The President endeavored to open the parcel, but became suspicious of its contents and did not proceed.

THE UNITED STATES AND THE DYNAMITERS.

THE explosions in London on Saturday are crimes for which civilized men do not need to express their horror. In fact, any formulated expression of it, like the resolution introduced in the Senate, seems to concede the necessity of removing some doubt as to the way in which American legislators look on the destruction of great works of art and of great historical monuments, and the slaughter of innocent people of all ages and both sexes. It is only that class of malefactors known as enemies of the human race who attempt such things, and we respectfully submit that the American Senate is hardly called upon to "express its horror and detestation of such monstrous crimes against civilization." What most concerns Americans in this matter is, not how to let the world know that they hate such outrages, but how to satisfy the world, and especially Englishmen, that they do not, by negligence either in legislation or administration, facilitate the perpetration of them. There is in England a strong belief, which we have no doubt prevails to some extent on the Continent, that the United States are in a greater or less degree responsible for the late dynamite outrages, owing to the failure of the officers of the law here to find out and punish the conspirators who prepare them on this side of the water. To the plea that the American law is not sufficient for the purpose, the answer is that it is the duty of a civilized and friendly nation to make it sufficient.

The bill introduced by Senator Edmunds on Saturday will be considered a reply to this demand. It makes punishable the sale or manufacture within the United States of all sorts of explosives, with the intent of using them for the destruction of life or property at home or abroad. It also makes punishable the forwarding, by land or sea, or the storing in any wharf, depot, or warehouse, of any such explosives with knowledge that their object or destination is criminal. The bill may have the effect of soothing English irritation, and so far may be of some use; that it will accomplish any other good purpose we greatly doubt. We venture to predict that not only will no conviction or even prosecution ever take place under it, but that it will not in the smallest degree abate the activity of the dynamiters on American soil. Some dynamite has doubtless been sent from this country, but, as a matter of fact, there is no good reason for supposing that one ounce of dynamite employed in outrages on life and property in England has ever been exported from the United States, or has ever been transported by any American railroad, or stored in any American wharf or warehouse. Not one particle of proof of anything of the kind has been produced on either side of the water, even when dynamiters have been caught and convicted. The reason is obvious enough. Dynamite is so easily manufactured anywhere, and is so powerful an explosive in small quantities, that economy as well as prudence forbids its transportation for criminal purposes over long distances.

There is an enormous quantity manufactured or transported for the legitimate and use-

ful purposes of mining and other enterprises, some of the coal companies in Pennsylvania using as much as fifteen thousand pounds every month, and some of the copper mines as much as fifty thousand pounds in the same period. The New York aqueduct just begun will consume thousands of tons of it. The cost of copper and of coal depends very largely on the cost of the explosive used in mining. Any national law affecting even in a small degree the manufacture and transportation of blasting compounds would have its effect on their price to the consumers, probably for the benefit of the dynamite manufacturers, at the expense of the coal, iron, and copper producers.

There is, in fact, no lack of explosive material, nor of the means or opportunity to make it in England. The manufacture of nitro-glycerine is so simple that with a few iron or china pots and a running stream of water, a bottle of glycerine, and a jug of acid, all the explosives the dynamiters want can be readily made in Ireland or England without incurring the greater risk of carrying it from here. The manufacture is a much easier matter than distilling whiskey. The very high explosives are imported to this country, not exported from it. The ship *Erl-King* landed at this port lately from Scotland two tons of what is known as gelatine dynamite, which is one of the highest grades of nitro-glycerine compounds. All of the extremely high explosive gun-cotton came hither from England, until within the past few months when the Government experts have been able to produce it at Newport.

The Irish dynamiters use the United States, not as a factory for their explosives, but as a place in which to make their plans and collect money. In fact, it is quite safe to say that all the money necessary for their enterprises is raised here. It is with the contributions of Irish men and Irish women in this country that the expenses of the English explosions are paid, and it is here probably that the agents are selected, and hence that they are despatched to Europe to manufacture the dynamite and to use it. Now against this, Mr. Edmunds's bill will accomplish nothing. It will not touch the machinery of collection in the least. There are several Irish newspapers in this country devoted wholly or largely to the task of preaching the lawfulness of all modes of annoying or injuring Englishmen. These newspapers openly call week by week for money to pay the cost of attacks on life and property in England or Ireland, and to aid in the escape of dynamiters and assassins. They praise assassins in the highest terms, hold them up as examples of patriotism, and publish frantic rejoicings over such offences as were committed in London on Saturday. They print also with the utmost consciousness the boasts of persons claiming to have originated or participated in such offences. These papers circulate by tens of thousands all over the country. No such publications were ever before allowed in any civilized nation. They are a constant stream of moral and political poison for the poorer and more ignorant portion of the Irish population in this country, and they enable hardened villains to obtain from them large sums of money, of which in all likelihood not over one-half is applied to the purpose for

which it is originally collected; the rest is stolen and spent in debauchery.

Though last not least, the immunity from all legal pursuit which these publications enjoy produces in their readers the impression that the American public is either indifferent to their horrible preachings, or secretly sympathizes with them. This impression is of course deepened by such incidents as the successful attempt last year to procure the unprecedented interference of the United States Government in behalf of the murderer O'Donnell, and by the open fraternization of the party in power during the late Presidential campaign with the leading dynamiters. These wretches were active and welcome supporters of Mr. Blaine, and were treated with much respect by his newspapers under the name of "Independent Irishmen"; and the Republican Committee, we think, will not venture to deny that the worst of their villainous newspapers in this State were heavily subsidized out of the Republican campaign funds.

In an interview with Mr. Blaine reported in the *New York Tribune* immediately after the election, we find the following significant passage:

"I asked Mr. Blaine if he thought the Irish-American vote was organized at all, or had competent leaders. 'Yes,' said he, 'I was deeply impressed by the ability, the earnestness, and the sincerity of those whom I met. There, for instance, is Patrick Ford, of the *Irish World*. He is a man of the most unselfish devotion to any cause he espouses, possessing a great faculty for organization, with marked ability and untiring energy. General Kerwin, of the *Tablet*, has in large degree the same characteristics and is a far-sighted and able man, with a fine record as a Union soldier. The *Irish Nation*, edited by John Devoy, also gave us strong and valuable support."

Patrick Ford is, and has been for years, the principal collector of the murder funds, through his paper the *Irish World*; and John Devoy follows not far behind him in the *Irish Nation*. Ford admitted in court on Saturday that he had an "emergency fund" of over \$40,000 on hand, and he makes no secret of its objects. As long as such men are allowed to collect money publicly for criminal purposes, to preach the laudableness of explosions and murder, or to publish the boasting confessions of the exploders and the murderers, the Irish will remain convinced that the American public does not severely condemn their peculiar modes of liberating their country. Whether any legislation against dynamite agitation as now conducted is possible, and whether if enacted it could be executed, are questions we do not purpose to discuss to-day. We simply wish to bring those who feel that the United States are disgraced by being made the scene in which the dynamiters hatch their plots, face to face with the real problem presented by the situation. No dynamite is sent from this country; but money to buy dynamite and pay those who use it, is sent, and is collected for this purpose without the slightest concealment. We do not say that this collection can be prevented by law. If it could not be done openly, it would probably be done secretly; but if it had to be done secretly the charges of negligence or connivance made by foreigners against the United States would be less plausible than they are.

ON THE FOURTH OF MARCH.

CAREFUL observers of public affairs are beginning to see that, on the fourth day of March next, President Cleveland may, and probably will, be confronted with problems of administration, demanding immediate solution, as serious and perplexing as any that have confronted any President on that day in March since the eventful year of 1861. To some of these problems it may be necessary, in the sense of the public safety, that there be allusion by President Cleveland, in the inaugural address which it has been usual for the new President to deliver on the steps of the Capitol after taking that most solemn oath "to execute the *office* of President" and "preserve, protect, and defend the Constitution."

What will be the actual condition of the Federal Treasury on the 4th of March next cannot now be clearly foreseen or foreknown—at least not by one outside the Treasury Department. It is, however, an open secret that the condition of the national finances is critical in many most important particulars, some of which have been indicated in this journal. Whether or not the President-elect will be told within the next month or six weeks what is the real numerical relation, in dollars, of gold in the Treasury vaults to outstanding greenbacks; of silver coinage in the Treasury to gold coinage; of each and both to silver certificates and gold certificates; of current Treasury expenditures to current Treasury receipts; of the relations between the Treasury Department and Associated City Banks of New York, and also what is the true condition of the public debt—we have no means of knowing. It is not very likely that anything in the way of very useful silver legislation will be done by this Congress, and, therefore, the problem of silver coinage will confront President Cleveland in all its portentous reality, and along with it the possible peril of an 85 or an 82-cents "silver dollar" as a legal-tender coin. It is not necessary now to ascertain or declare which political party has been the most at fault for the existing condition of the Treasury, its coinage, and its finances. What President Cleveland will have to deal with will be a feasible, safe, and immediate *remedy*, both in the sense of prevention and of cure. That problem of remedy will tax to the utmost, not only the faculties of the President, but of an experienced and well-equipped political economist and financier at the head of the Treasury Department. The new Secretary of the Treasury will have no time to "cram" for the work on hand. He will need to be not only a man really competent by experience, observation, study, familiarity with financial legislation, and by habit of mind, but a man known to the country to be thus competent. Public confidence in him will be almost as important as the fact of his competency.

In the Department of Foreign Affairs, problems will, on the 4th of next March, confront President Cleveland that are as serious and critical as those which will confront him in the department of coinage, currency, finance, and the public debt. There have been treaties negotiated by President Arthur, and now before the Senate, that make, or will make, if ratified, a "new departure" in our diplomacy.

A series of commercial treaties that tie the hands of the Government in the future levy of duties on merchandise from all or a large part of the States and colonies on the south of us, must be of tremendous significance. The consequences of such treaties, for good or for evil, the country is only just beginning to appreciate, and does not yet fully comprehend. Fortunately, President Arthur has inserted in the Spanish treaty, and presumably in all the commercial treaties that are on the way, a stipulation that they shall not be exchanged and proclaimed as binding till not only the Senate, but the law-making power, has ratified them. If ratified by the Senate, those treaties must then by the President be submitted to Congress as a legislative body, and President Cleveland may be called on to approve or veto the doings of Congress thereon. Therefore, the responsibility of ratifying, exchanging, and proclaiming the Spanish treaty may, and probably will, rest, in the end, on President Cleveland. He will probably be called on to deal with the whole subject *de novo*. If he shall disapprove of the Spanish negotiation, will it not be fit and proper that he frankly indicate his opinion at an early day?

In respect to the Nicaragua treaty, his personal responsibility will probably be the same, and will be immediate, since it also must be ratified by the law-making power as well as by the Senate. He must decide whether or not the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty is now binding on the United States, or whether it is voidable at the will of the United States, and ought to be voided. If that treaty is binding, it is a part of the "law" of the land which the President must execute, on the peril of impeachment if he refuses or fails. Therein the United States stipulated *never* to "occupy, or fortify, or colonize, or assume, or exercise any dominion over Nicaragua." What if President Cleveland shall come to the conclusion that the stipulation is to-day binding on his country, and that the Nicaragua treaty repudiates the stipulation?

For what proposition Senator Edmunds is, in behalf of the Nicaragua treaty and the Administration, arguing in the Senate, neither the country nor the President-elect is permitted to know. It is, however, not understood that any one contends that both of the contracting governments deem the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty at an end. The treaty may, as we have said, be voidable at the will of the United States, but it has not yet been declared void by the President. The Senate cannot alone declare and make it void. Congress and the law-making power may make the declaration. Possibly President Cleveland can, by his own act, terminate it if he sees fit: there was an interesting discussion of that question in the Senate in 1855-6. But the Clayton-Bulwer convention has, we repeat, not yet been clearly and finally declared at an end by any adequate authority.

Even a glance at the situation makes it apparent that President Cleveland will, on the fourth of March next, be facing new and most critical international questions, which will put to a severe and immediate test the most intelligent and experienced diplomatist, lawyer, and statesman to whom the affairs of the State Department can be intrusted.

SPAIN AND CUBA.

The suggestion, so diligently put forth by the promoters and advocates of the Spanish Treaty, that unless the negotiation at Madrid is speedily ratified by the American Senate and by Congress, there will be war between Spain and the United States, deserves, in one aspect, more consideration than it has received. The country is told that the war will come if the Spanish Treaty be rejected at Washington, and somewhat in this way: The first premise is, that nothing less than a ratification of the treaty can give such a revival of business, such a relief from grinding taxation, and such popular contentment in Cuba, as will prevent another insurrection, or a civil commotion, ending possibly in a war of races on the island. Such an insurrection against Spanish authority, or such an uprising of the black and colored races against the white race, would, it is said, appeal so powerfully to a certain class of opinion in the United States, that President Cleveland could not maintain the Government in the attitude of an impartial outsider. Hence a foreign war!

The circumstances of the first premise need to be carefully examined. That Cuba is, financially and politically and in every sense, in a very bad condition, cannot be denied; but whether or not an American ratification of the pending treaty will be any remedy, or the fittest remedy, may and will be very generally denied. What has been the cause of the evils in Cuba under which the island now suffers and groans? A proximate cause may be the long war that was waged in the island from 1868 to 1876, and the depression in cane-sugar industry brought about largely by beet-root sugar bounties in France and in German-speaking countries. A more remote but a very powerful cause, however, is the circumstances of the colonization of the island, its long-continued dependence on Spain as a crown colony, its military government, the existence of slave labor, the hostility of the races on the island, the antagonism between the native Creoles and the governing Spaniards sent out from Spain, and the repeated insurrectionary movements. Can the ratification of the pending treaty remove, or remedy, the evils caused by all those circumstances? Is it reasonable to suppose that the ratification will put good government in Cuba, and take away the existing inducements to insurrection and political disorder?

The population of the island may be a million and a half, or about as large as that of Georgia, with much the same numerical relation between the black or colored and the white races, but with the standard of morals and education very much lower, of course, as to all races in Cuba than in Georgia. Quite one-half are Africans and Chinese. The population is subdivided somewhat in this way:

1. Good and bad Spaniards holding office.
2. Creoles who are planters, agriculturists, business men, and professional men.
3. Free mulattoes and free negroes, made by law incapable of holding civil offices.
4. Slaves, or those recently in slavery.

Previous to the insurrection which, on the dethronement of Queen Isabella in Spain, began in Cuba on October 10, 1868, the total annual revenue of the island was not far

from \$26,000,000, of which some \$6,000,000 were each year sent to Madrid. But since the end of the insurrection in 1876, although taxation has been enormously increased on the island, and carried well up to the point of confiscation, the Cuban Government cannot pay its own expenses, and has been a beneficiary of the Spanish treasury at Madrid, notwithstanding the large sums borrowed in Cuba by the Governor Captain-General, and the emission of depreciated paper money by an arrangement with the Banco Español. What the last insurrection in Cuba, from 1868 to 1876, signifies, may be inferred from a statement made in the Cortes in Madrid in 1876, that Spain had, at that date and since 1868, sent to and sacrificed in Cuba over 145,000 officers and soldiers. Besides that insurrection in 1868, there was one in 1851, one in 1841, and another in 1829. The fact, so creditable to Spain, that she, by royal orders, put an end, or endeavored to put an end, to the slave-trade with Cuba in 1853, or thereabouts, and also, not long ago, by royal orders, put an end to slave labor in the island, has intensified the difficulties of good government in the island, for reasons which every one in the United States readily appreciates.

The seat of government for Cuba is practically more than 3,000 miles distant from the island. Would peaceful industry and social order have been easily possible in any of the Gulf States of this Union if, in 1865, after General Lee's surrender and the emancipation of the slaves, each of those States had been a crown colony of Spain, with no training in self-government, and ruled by an absolute military officer subject to the orders of a superior in Madrid? It is easy for us in New York to say that Spain should immediately change the system of government in Cuba; abolish the military and feudal régime of a Governor Captain-General ruling as over a besieged place; and introduce education, the ballot, and local self-government, under the lead of financiers and civilians who would insist on an honest civil service. But is not that easier said than done? Could even the Congress of the United States, if it had the right so to do, immediately put a sound system of taxation, currency, finance, and good government into Cuba? Could we straightway and successfully deal with that problem of races—their ignorance, indolence, and poverty? When confronted with the difficult problem, is not the pending treaty a very superficial and unsatisfactory makeshift, or something worse?

President Arthur referred to the treaty in his annual message in these terms:

"It has been the aim of this negotiation to open such a favored reciprocal exchange of productions carried under the flag of either country as to make the intercourse between Cuba and Porto Rico and ourselves scarcely less intimate than the commercial movement between our domestic ports, and to insure a removal of the burdens on shipping in the Spanish Indies, of which in the past our ship-owners and ship-masters have so often had cause to complain. The negotiation of this convention has for a time postponed the prosecution of certain claims of our citizens, which were declared to be without the jurisdiction of the late Spanish-American Claims Commission, and which are, therefore, remitted to diplomatic channels for adjustment. The speedy settlement of these claims will now be urged by this Government."

Little attention has been given to this indication by the President of his purpose concerning "certain claims by our citizens" against

Cuba, for injuries inflicted during the late insurrection, and between 1868 and 1873. The claims are said to aggregate many millions of dollars, the payment of which the Government at Washington is demanding at Madrid. What relation, if any, exists between the pending treaty and those claims? What is the nature of the claims? Why were they outside of the jurisdiction of the late Commission? If they were outside of it, how and why are they now prosecuted by the Department of State, and how or why need the negotiation of the treaty have "postponed the prosecution of certain claims by our citizens"? May it not be that Spain will go to war with us rather than pay those "claims," and that the "claims" are the real source of disquietude in certain quarters?

The suggestion that such a condition of things may come to pass in Cuba, if the Spanish Treaty is not ratified, that President Cleveland may be unable to preserve the neutrality of the United States, will not give the country much uneasiness. The suggestion is really so absurd as to be quite unworthy of serious notice. But what can, or should, be done by President Cleveland to induce, or even compel, Spain straightway to put good government in Cuba, is a very different question. About the right and duty, under certain circumstances, Governor Marcy, when at the head of the State Department, wrote in 1853:

"For many reasons the United States feel a deep interest in the destiny of Cuba. They will never consent to its transfer to . . . any other foreign State. It must be to the United States no cause of annoyance in itself, nor must it be used by others as an instrument of annoyance."

President Arthur, in his last annual message, urges a strengthening of our neutrality laws, but whether as against Irish dynamiters or Cuban filibusters, he does not say. If it be that bad government in Cuba is the source of peril, then the obvious rights of self-protection and of good neighborhood will permit President Cleveland to make very serious and peremptory representations at Madrid about the internal condition of the island, and especially if that condition be offensive and the offence can by Spain be removed. To ratify the pending treaty, and surrender thereby many millions of our present annual revenue to Cuba and take no guarantees for the prevention of excessive taxation, official venality, and stealing by Spanish officials in Havana, as well as for the prudent introduction of self-government into the island, would be most improvident and altogether childish on the part of the United States.

SLIPSHOD LAWS.

THE assembling of the legislatures of the various States for their winter's work has attracted fresh attention to the machinery of legislation, and produced many suggestions on the subject. All of these rest generally on the idea that most legislative work in the United States is defective and slipshod, that the laws are badly drawn, that they are passed without proper reference to and comparison with statutes already in force, that they are frequently jobs disguised as statutes. Governor Hill, of this State, in his first message, recommended that a lawyer be appointed as permanent legislative

counsel to draft bills, to advise the members and committees with reference to proposed legislation, and to inspect the various bills before their final passage, so as to detect errors and imperfections, and to suggest necessary amendments. The necessity of taking some such step, he thinks, is shown very clearly by the fact that, during the session of 1883 in this State, some forty-five bills were recalled from the Executive Chamber, after their final passage, for necessary amendment and correction, while during the session of 1884 there were fifty such instances. The critics of the Governor's recommendation can only say in reply to this that such work ought to be done by the legislative committees themselves; but the evil to be cured is the fact that the committees will not do it. The only machinery for preventing bad legislation at Albany is the veto of the Governor, and the Governor now has to do the work of legal adviser to the Legislature, through the veto power, in a very clumsy way; i. e., he has in most cases to correct defects in bills by killing the bills, when, if the Legislature could have been properly advised at the outset, amendments might have been made which would have enabled him to sign them.

In order to understand the necessity of some professional assistance, it is only necessary to recollect how lawless, so to speak, our legislative system is. The Legislature, in the first place, meets on the first Monday of January each year, sits as long as it pleases, and transacts business as hurriedly or as slowly as it pleases. A large proportion of both houses are absolutely without experience. No laws are prepared in advance by the Executive, or by any responsible body, though they may be of course by secret caucuses or committees. The first days of the session are spent in "fixing" the committees behind the scenes, in the interests of corporations and others who may desire private legislation. No notice is given of what private bills are going to be introduced. As soon as business begins, a great crop of bills are introduced, most of which are designed to give some person or corporation a special privilege under, or exemption from, the operation of laws binding on the community. These bills are drawn up not by the legislators who introduce them, but by lawyers privately retained and paid by the special interests behind the bills, and who, naturally enough, as long as they get what their clients want, care very little what the effect on the general body of the law may be. When the bills, thus prepared, get into committee, there are no rules of any value governing the procedure with regard to them. Those interested adversely have not necessarily any notice to appear; there is no attempt to take proof judicially, but "counsel" are permitted to make any statements they please. Toward the end of the sessions bills are hurried through pell-mell, without any actual previous consideration at all.

Now, there is obviously only one way to remedy this state of things, and that is to have the proceedings in committee assimilated in practice as they are in theory to judicial proceedings. A private bill is like a lawsuit. There is always a petitioner who asks the Government for something; there are adverse interests affected (e. g., to take the commonest case, those of land-owners whose rights

a corporation wishes to expropriate); there are facts in the case which need to be known and which are usually in dispute, and the committee is the court which decides in the first instance, and in most cases finally, whether and on what terms the concession shall be granted. In the same way, though for somewhat different reasons, the procedure in the case of general laws requires supervision. These laws change the existing law of the State, and are rushed through without proper examination, just as private bills are, especially toward the end of the session. They are frequently merely disguised jobs.

The adoption of the system introduced in England over half a century ago, to regulate Parliamentary procedure, is the only method of reform which those who have given their attention to this subject have ever deemed practicable. It has been already introduced in a measure in Massachusetts. It embraces : 1st, the treatment of petitions for private legislation as matters requiring judicial inquiry, and the separation of them from general bills—a duty which would probably devolve upon Governor Hill's "legislative counsel"; 2d, public notice of all private bills to be given, and, whenever practicable, actual notice to adverse interests; 3d, the expenses of private legislative procedure to be borne by those who profit by it, the fees to be sufficiently large to prevent frivolous applications and to give a fund for the employment of experts and counsel by the committees if necessary, and a bill of costs to be taxed to unsuccessful applicants; 4th, an obligatory code of committee procedure to secure a fair trial of each case.

For the introduction of such reforms in this State, a constitutional amendment seems absolutely essential. Whatever may be the case in other States, there is, in our opinion, little or no hope of the Legislature here introducing any such system of its own motion, as the English Parliament did. The whole disposition of the Legislature is too deeply colored by sinister interests to make any voluntary action on its part likely, and a new law on legislative procedure would be subject to constant change and amendment. The friends of the reform must agitate for a constitutional amendment, which ought to prescribe certain elementary rules of justice, such as the requirement of notice, a hearing, the introduction of testimony, and some decent interval between the close of the hearing and the passage of the bill. These requirements made obligatory, and reinforced by the Governor's veto, the courts would do the rest of the work by holding void all acts passed in contravention of the new rules.

One of the most curious and instructive additions to the recent literature of this subject is the report of Messrs. J. T. Platt, C. E. Perkins, and J. M. Hall to the Connecticut Bar Association, on the subject of a proposed revision of the laws of that State. Revisions were originally periodical collations of the statutes of a State, for the purpose of making the law more compendious and certain. An excellent and well-known piece of work of this sort was the "Revised Statutes" of this State, a compilation now some fifty years old, which has been continually altered, but seldom to be improved. In progress of time, revisions

in all the States have become more and more frequent, and also more and more careless, and now in many States they threaten to degenerate into mere jobs to give the Commissioners work. The Connecticut lawyers to whom the matter has been referred, report that the statute law of that State is its "most uncertain" department, and that this is due to a considerable extent to the "frequent revising" it has undergone, and they accordingly recommend that the statutes of that State be simply let alone. The fact is, as every lawyer and most laymen know, that what we want is not more frequent but better and less law-making. It is obvious, however, that one excellent way to prevent the necessity of frequent revisions after laws are passed is to have them submitted to the most searching criticism and revision before their enactment.

A JUST MEASURE OF WAGES.

A YEAR or two ago the Pope laid his commands on good Catholics to solve the questions of social reform on the principles of religion, and to adjust the reward of labor and capital according to the precepts laid down in the writings of the Apostles and of St. Thomas Aquinas. A German priest, Father Weiss, has taken these commands to heart, and has published a monograph for the solution of the wages question on true Catholic principles. There has been not a little discussion, of a more or less metaphysical kind, among recent German writers as to the inherently just and natural law for determining wages; and it is not at all surprising that an active-minded priest, who sees this sort of discussion going on all around him, should apply to the great problem the ethical ideas which seem to him the true and eternal ones. He bases his argument on certain passages in Luke, Timothy, Romans, and the writings of St. Thomas Aquinas; and upon this basis constructs a strict mathematical formula for determining what are "just" wages, and what is a "just" return for capital.

At the very outset he draws a distinction as to what he means by wages. He says that the necessities of life are no part of wages—the laborer must have and is of right entitled to enough to enable him to live; true wages, he says, consists only of the surplus over and above the "cost of producing" labor. Similarly, the capitalist is entitled to the return of his capital intact, and to interest on it. It is only what is left of their joint product after sustaining the laborer and reimbursing the capitalist, that really constitutes the fund to which our author applies his principles of division. We need not follow him into these principles and their consequences in detail. An algebraic formula is given, of which the basis is that the capitalist takes his share of the surplus in proportion to the amount of his capital, as compared to the amount of laborer's "capital" which the latter puts in. This laborer's "capital," we are told, is the capitalized value of the cost of producing him. The cost of producing him consists of those necessities of life—that minimum of food, clothing, and shelter—to which the laborer was declared to be entitled at the outset. Multiply the annual amount of the necessities of life by the average number of years, say twenty-five, that

a laborer can work, and you get the total cost of producing a laborer. This total cost represents the "capital" which the laborer brings into the business—a capital to which he seems to be entitled by the laws of nature and justice. In the proportion that the united "capital" of the laborers bears to the "capital" put in by the employer, in such a proportion should laborers and employers participate in the surplus which is to be divided between them.

One cannot but smile at the intricacies into which the honest priest follows his principles, which represent to his mind the moral rules, founded on Holy Writ, which all good Christians should observe in fixing the wages of their employees. When the ethically just and right wages are deduced after this fashion to an exact mathematical certainty, the absurdity of the whole method of approaching the problem becomes so plain that there is no need of showing how absurd the details are. Yet is not such a writer doing essentially the same thing that our trade-unionists and strikers are doing when they demand "just" wages, or that politicians are doing when they promise laws for securing "fair" wages, or that many kind-hearted people do when they protest against "starvation" wages? All talk of this kind is based on the notion that there is such a thing as an abstract principle of ethics, by the help of which one can decide what wages a man is justly entitled to. We never think of anything of this kind when we come to make a bargain with a man for his labor; neither has it ever happened, nor can it ever happen in a social organization like ours, that any such principles will determine wages. Wages are fixed by the quantity and efficiency of the labor offered, and by the quantity of reward, *i.e.*, capital, which the employer has at command to hire labor with. Of course, there is such a thing as morality, a right and a wrong way in dealing with laborers, as in dealing with anybody else. If an employer tells a laborer that he is worth little, and refuses to pay him more than a pittance, when the laborer is really worth a good deal; or if an employer says he is overrun with applications for employment when he is not; or if he says he has little capital at command, and nobody else has any more, when in fact he has all the capital he wants and knows that his neighbors have also—in fact, if in any way he takes advantage of the ignorance or want of shrewdness of laborers to pay them less than some one else would give them, then his action is morally wrong, as it would be if he were cheating and deceiving anybody.

But how much the laborer is entitled to ask and get is a hard question of demand and supply with which notions of justice have nothing whatever to do. There is not even any just claim for the minimum wages necessary to keep a man and his family from starvation—a form in which the principle of ethics is often put forward in these hard times, and one which makes its appearance in a peremptory way in the scheme of our German priest. A man may be entitled to a subsistence as charity, but not as wages. The State may owe him a subsistence, and may give it to him under such precautions as it sees fit; but as wages from an employer, a man is not entitled to an atom more than the employer is willing to give in a free market.

SARDOU'S "THÉODORA."

PARIS, January 13, 1885.

HAVE you seen "Théodora"? Such is the inevitable question which Parisians address to each other when they meet. "Théodora" is in everybody's mouth. In the absence of any real social life, the first representation of a new drama by Sardou has become an event; and the great event was, as usual, prepared with the greatest art, with all sorts of rumors: the scenery will be more splendid than anything that has ever been put on the stage; *Théodora's* mantle, embroidered in silk and gold, will alone cost 10,000 francs; *Théodora* is ill, she will not be able to play; *Théodora* is better; *Théodora* is in despair, she has fallen into a state of deep melancholy; Sardou has been able to bring *Théodora* back to her work, and so on. The modern Athenians like to be amused in this way. This sort of charlatanism acts like bitters before dinner, and is meant to increase the appetite. "Théodora" is the third great drama of Sardou; the number of his light comedies is legion, and just now the first he ever wrote (the "Pattes de Mouche") is being played at the Théâtre-Français. It is well played, but it is found that its texture is somewhat too thin for the place. Sardou was very poor, very little known, when he succeeded in bringing out this light "Pattes de Mouche" at a minor theatre. This little comedy, which has all his defects and all his qualities, is made out of nothing; it shows no characters, no types; it leaves no trace on the memory. But it is full of life, it moves, it runs, it flies; it is clever, ingenious; it is amusing. Sardou is a great master in dramatic intrigue: he likes to make confusion, and to bring it to an end by the most simple and ingenious means—all the more ingenious for being simple. He is a prestidigitator, who can tie the most extraordinary knots and untie them at the proper moment. In the "Pattes de Mouche," for instance, there is a dangerous letter—a letter which, if it was read by somebody, would cause much mischief. What shall be done with the letter? It goes from one hand to another, from one place to another; it is half-burned in the fireplace; it is hidden in a dozen places; it is thrown out of the window, picked up in the street, and so on. You follow with some pleasure the fate of the letter, but you never quite understand its origin or its importance. The personages disappear—they are insignificant; the letter is everything.

I have mentioned this little piece because it is very rare for an author not to betray himself in his first work. Sardou is a dramatist, he is not a novelist; in these two words he is almost explained. Let us look at what he considers his important dramas—"Patrie," "La Haine," "Théodora." These are not light comedies, made to last for a while, to flatter some transient feeling, to expose some folly of the day. In these three dramas Sardou has really given all he can give; he looks on them with complacency, they are his favorites. All the means which the modern theatre can place at an author's disposal have been exhausted in order to bring these dramas before the public. "Patrie" showed us the local color of the Netherlands during the revolt against the Spaniards; "La Haine" gave us the local color of Vienna in the middle ages; "Théodora" is a restoration of Byzantium during the reign of Justinian.

Sardou is a victim of the ruling passion of what we call *bric-à-brac*. He has surrounded himself at Marly with a complete museum; he collects, he instructs himself as to the minutest details of an epoch. This mania is innocent in an individual; it may even be useful when it serves to unite precious relics of the past. But what is the use of a pasteboard collection (and the properties of a theatre are nothing but pasteboard)? What

is the use of all this local color, which is more or less false, and which adds absolutely nothing to the aesthetic beauty of a play? You can perhaps give me a Justinian resembling the real Justinian as much as one of Madame Tussaud's wax figures resembles the original. What is it to me, if he is but a doll, and is not the real Justinian in thought, in language, in sentiment? M. Sardou would probably say that he not only professes to give me the dress of Justinian, but that he has studied Procopius and others, and that he has made a real Justinian, a theologian occupied with subtleties, an Emperor married to an adventuress, a coward, a tyrant, and a slave at the same time. It is not enough; his *Justinian* has no life for all that; he has, so to speak, no identity. It is not enough to attach a few traits, or words, to a personage—you might as well do as was done in some old miniatures, paint a tower and a town and write beneath it: "This is Jerusalem." What I say of *Justinian* might be said of all the other characters. *Théodora* may resemble in dress the prostitute whom an imperial caprice placed on the throne; the ornaments she wears may be copied from the ornaments which are seen on the walls of Ravenna; you may cover her as much as you like with diamonds, precious stones, with barbaric ornaments—what is all that to me? Is the theatre a school of archaeology? It will never give me but a second-hand and limited acquaintance with the past.

"Le moindre grain de mil ferait mieux mon affaire."

So it is with all the characters of the play. *Théodora*, with all her extravagant dress, is, after all, nothing but a Parisian lady of the *demi-monde*, transported to an exalted sphere, who sometimes has nostalgia for her former life. She is married to a Prince, but she loves a poor young man, and goes to see him incognita. The poor young man is named in the piece *Andreas*. He is a Greek, full of old Hellenic notions, and naturally wants to give free institutions to his country and to break the rule of *Justinian* and of the wicked *Théodora*. He conspires against the woman who comes in disguise to see him in his little garden on the Bosphorus.

That is really the whole piece, the whole drama. *Andreas* and *Théodora* sing (the word is not inappropriate when you think of the silvery voice of Sarah Bernhardt) long love duos, and you, the witness—you know that *Andreas* will sooner or later find out that his love is spent on the Empress, whom he despises, and hates, and wishes to destroy. Here certainly was a ground for a true drama; but the psychological element is too completely, too constantly sacrificed to the materialistic element—I can find no better word to express my thought. The natural play of human passions is never enough for Sardou; he is like a painter who neglects his picture and works too much on the frame. What a frame was not this! Must he not show us the palace of *Justinian*, with its mosaics; his court, with innumerable servants, eunuchs, priests; with his general, Belisarius, and his guards? Now we are in the apartment of the Emperor: we see the old lamps burning; gold glitters everywhere. Now we are in the Hippodrome: we see the long *spina*, with its columns and statues, the long arcade, against the blue sky. We see the iron bars of the cages of the lions; here come gladiators, and here the coachmen of the Greens or of the Blues. Now we see Saint-Sophia in flames, and we hear the noise of the populace in revolt, and attacked by Belisarius. We seem to be present at a representation in the Circus. The Emperor enters the imperial box, in his purple toga, and blesses the people, in the consecrated manner, with a corner of the purple toga in his hand. This would be all very well in an opera, though I doubt if even the finest music would not suffer somewhat from

such a constant, such a dazzling exhibition. I can only speak for myself, but I doubt whether I should like "Esther" or "Athalie," masterpieces as they are, played with too much Oriental luxury. Do not distract my mind too much; let me hear in silence the divine verses:

"O mon souverain roi,
Me voilé done tremblante et seule devant toi."

When *Esther* recites these verses, I would think of nothing but her, I would see nothing but her; whatever takes my mind off the sublime heights to which the poet has lifted me, will only irritate me.

It is quite true that there are no sublime heights in "Théodora." I will not speak of the style—it has no style at all. The Emperors, Empresses, Franks (there is a Frank Caribert for the occasion, come to pay homage to *Justinian*), gladiators, Greek philosophers, all talk as people do between the Bastille and the Madeleine, in this year of grace 1885. The incongruity between their language and their costumes is at times almost painful. Sardou is evidently not in the least conscious of it. He is a Parisian and his audience is made up of Parisians. He cares not for words, but for action. If *Théodora* leaves the imperial palace and goes to see *Andreas*, does she not sufficiently show her love? Why should she try to analyze her feelings too much? They are extremely simple. So are those of *Andreas*; as soon as he sees the Empress in *Théodora* he abominates her at once; he is not at all upset by the consciousness of what he owes to her. So even love becomes thoroughly materialistic in this drama. Sarah Bernhardt and her lover seem to understand admirably this form of love, and they give an air of reality to their passion which is quite in harmony with all the rest; for as we have real gladiators, real instruments of torture against the conspirators, a real Belisarius, a real *Justinian*, why should we not have real love, love in a hurry, such as you might imagine it between Balzac's *Mme. de Nucingen* and her dear *Lucien de Rubempré*?

In the end *Théodora* is found out, and she is strangled by order of the Emperor. The true *Theodora* died in her bed, but history has been sacrificed a little here; for nobody knows how to die so well as Sarah Bernhardt. She presents her neck to the rope of the executioner with an imitable grace. Without her, I doubt whether the piece could be played at all. She is always herself. She throws rays of poetry across all this materialism; without her this combination of the opera, of the Circus, of the Hippodrome, of *Mme. Tussaud*, of the Eden Theatre, would be unbearable for a person of taste, notwithstanding all the beauty and variety of the scenery, all the cleverness of the author, all the rapidity and movement of the action. It would only leave a sense of profound regret at the incongruity between such an effort and such an end, and at the progress of decadence in a country where the pleasures of the mind are so completely subservient to the pleasures of the eye.

THE GAINSBOROUGH EXHIBITION.

LONDON, January, 1885.

THE present exhibition, though very full of interesting examples of Gainsborough, disappoints at first many of his admirers by the absence of several of his best-known works, viz., the portrait of the two fascinating sisters, Mrs. Sheridan and Mrs. Tickle, that of Mrs. Graham, the lady Ligonier (the fair and false "Penelope" who won the heart of Alfieri), the full-length of the beautiful Miss Linley, etc. The familiar "Blue Boy" has the most conspicuous place in the west gallery (the principal room). We note the careful treatment of the satin costume—breeches, stockings, and shoes, all more highly

finished than usual with Gainsborough. The manner of this picture reminds us more of Van-dyke, whom Gainsborough always sought to emulate, than any other work in the gallery. The harmony of blues, from warm full bluish green gradually fading into blue-white, is very delightful; the head is full of tone and solidly painted. Another highly finished example is Sophia, Lady Sheffield. It is full-length, standing in a landscape; dressed in blue and toned white. A large blue hat, very well painted, shades her face; the draperies are studied and arranged with care, and are not dashed in conventionally as in so many instances here. The portrait of William Pitt is a serious, well-studied portrait, which looks very life-like, but is conventional in the treatment of red-curtain background and less careful than the other portraits of Mr. Pitt. The portraits here show Gainsborough not merely a successful painter of pretty women, although for grace of pose and arrangement few have equalled him. His portrait of the famous Lord Chesterfield at the age of seventy-six is full of character and modelling; the lined face has a wicked character, the mouth a scoffing expression which well suits the man. He looks wizened and dried up. The color is severe and appropriate. The Dr. Johnson, on the opposite wall, in a snuff-colored coat, his head a little bent forward by age, is an example of excellent modelling, and brings before us far more vividly than the portrait by Sir Joshua Reynolds the cynical old doctor. The famous portrait of Garrick is here also (there is a print of it in the *English Illustrated Magazine* for December). It seems heavy in color—black about the coat and brown in the landscape; the face is clear and well modelled. The portrait of the artist is a very finely studied piece of portraiture; that of his wife is quite one of the best, the face is so full of expression, the color is so delicate in the half tints, and the look of a beauty already faded is so tenderly given. The hands even are better indicated than in most cases, the right being raised in the momentary action of holding back a black lace veil which encircles the head. They are wanting in bony structure, as indeed are all the hands and arms in the exhibition. The dress is of pink and white, the background brown. We notice in this two dabs of color on the nostrils to bring out the nose in greater relief, evidently added after the picture was finished and curiously rough in touch. These only appear when one looks carefully into the painting, but a still worse *repentir*, showing that Gainsborough could not have had much patience in repainting, occurs in the vivid, expressive head of a young man (John Viscount Bateman). The face is turned away; there is extreme individuality in the eyes and nose and excellent rapid painting. The brown locks prove that Gainsborough could paint unpowdered hair; but the line of the jaw has been hastily taken in by simply drawing a thick brushful of brown paint over it—this rough treatment strongly contrasting with the dainty collar and blue-satin jacket which finishes the work.

"Henry F., Duke of Cumberland," is a most harmonious little portrait: the bright red coat is so rich in tone, and contrasts so agreeably with the pale blue waistcoat, over which passes a broad blue ribbon with an order. The Duke holds a black three-cornered hat in his hand. In the portrait of Tenducci, the tenor, the lips are parted, the eyebrows uplifted as he looks at the music. The rich pale-olive complexion catches the eye at once, among so many English portraits. Very much in the worst style of Gainsborough is the portrait of Lady Eardley and her daughter. The lady stands holding a baby on a stone pedestal; it is badly drawn and carelessly painted. "Mrs. Walker," on the other hand, is one of the

most admired of the portraits. It represents a plain, elderly woman, with a gray soft cap round her face, tied with a black ribbon. The dress is of darkest blue velvet, cut square, the neck entirely covered with a thick white fichu inside the velvet dress. The head is excellently modelled, and every detail most carefully painted, quite with Dutch-like precision. A most charming sketchy portrait, that of Mrs. G. Elliott, born Dalrymple, a lady whose life seems to have been sufficiently adventuresome, is most syren-like in its sweet voluptuous smile, complexion quite living in its downy blush, and strange fascinating eyes, with marked black eyebrows—an impression of a lovely woman very different from impressionist work of to-day. The painter's younger daughter, Mary, with head thrown back, playing a guitar, is in the same slight manner in which Gainsborough seemed to delight to paint handsome women, while he treated the plainer ones with more care, seeking to give modelling and individuality. There is also to be remarked the standing portrait of the beautiful Duchess of Devonshire, slovenly in the dirty-white draperies. A portrait of her when she was a little girl is admirable, and one of the best child-portraits shown. The little white cap, the fair hair cut over the forehead, the individual little face, the white dress with pink ribbons, so clean and pure in painting, and yet so unobtrusive, are very delightful. Another small sketch of this lady in grisaille seems to be a scheme for the famous stolen portrait. The equally famous "Colonel St. Leger" is conventional. The horse and landscape are fine, but the head is less studied than many.

In the east gallery, one of the most striking pictures is Lady M. Lindsay, a beautiful blonde with pale golden hair, in a black, admirably-painted dress. She stands in a silver-gray landscape. The dress shows how Gainsborough could paint black without making it heavy. In this room there are several examples of a method of painting quite unlike his usual style—very pasty and bad in color, all of them. "The Cottage Girl" is the sweetest child-picture I have ever seen—so pathetic in its innocent expression and so admirable in color and detail; while the "Milk Girl" is very heavy in color throughout, in the girl's face especially, which is red and hot and brown.

We have many landscapes here, very different in artistic merit, the larger examples being the least beautiful. The figures and foreground are dark, the trees conventionally treated with much brown to suit much blue distance. They are harmonious in spite of impure color—the blues so green, the greens so blue, and the browns so warm, with just a splash of toned white for water (generally a brook), and sky, and a few reddish cows in the foreground. To these "The Harvest Waggon" is a notable exception, for it is very luminous. In Lord Tweedmouth's picture, a landscape with figures and cattle, the distance reminds us of Turner at his best. The smaller landscapes are much more realistic and very lovely in rendering effects of nature, as well as very varied, too, in subject. "A Study" represents a storm: the clouds are full of movement, the old oak on our left looks blown about and battered, and the herbs in the foreground (especially a hemlock) are beautifully painted. In a small landscape owned by Lord Clifden, only 9½ x 12 inches, the color is glowing: the road is bathed in sunset light, and the whole most luminous and true, and very carefully made out. The portrait of Thomas Sandby and his wife is a charming Watteau-like composition, very sweet in color and graceful in movement.

The water-color drawings of Richard Doyle are well known from the books in which they have for the most part appeared—elves and fairies

on mushrooms; charming sprites riding on bats through gray sky and landscape; witches driving large broods of young dragons; fairies and elves flirting, and such like. The Hamelin Piper is one of the principal works. The Piper, followed by hundreds of children, is coming toward us, while the town, bathed in blue morning mist—a real German mediæval town by a riverside—forms an elaborate and beautiful background. The drawings of heads in pencil and in water-color are extremely weak and amateurish: the landscapes, too, when from nature direct, are weak in color and washy. The pen-and-ink sketches are full of character and humor, but the drawing is always defective, although the fantastic creations are full of beauty and poetry.

Correspondence.

VOWS IN THE EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In the *Nation* for January 2d is an editorial paragraph which shows a curious misapprehension of the grounds upon which many in the Episcopal Church object to the "*Order of the Holy Cross*," and similar societies. When you are misled, it is reasonable to believe that the case is not as simple as many suppose.

No one questions Bishop Potter's motives, and it is very rarely indeed that there is any reason to question his wisdom. In this case, however, his earnest longing to use every weapon against the adversary, seems to have led him to snatch up a weapon which is likely to cut his fingers.

The practical view of the matter would certainly seem to be, as you say, that "any man who thinks that he can do good work better by taking a vow of some sort of self-denial, does well to take it, with whatever solemnities he thinks necessary." That is true, provided the vow does not conflict with the terms of some previous contract to which the man has agreed. In the case of the clergy of the Episcopal Church it happens to do so. Each one of them at his ordination took a vow of *subordination* to a written law to which he attached his signature, and to a constituted authority to whom he gave an audible oath. The gravamen of the charge against a priest who joins a new "order" is, that by doing so he is guilty of a breach of faith which he has pledged at his previous ordination. Of course he does not think so, but our contention is that, as an honorable man, he has no right to act upon his conviction until he has *to that extent* secured a release from his previous obligation. This release the Church so far has distinctly declined to give. The technical objection to the action of the Assistant Bishop is that it is *ultra vires*.

In the case of "sisterhoods" this objection does not hold, inasmuch as they are not hampered by any precontract. Nor is it accurate reasoning to use the officers of an army as an illustration. It is true they do swear "poverty" and "obedience" at any rate. But the true statement of the case would be this: Three army officers determine to constitute an "Order of the Field of the Cloth of Gold," we will say. Its purpose is to penetrate some particularly difficult lava beds and exterminate some specially tractable Modocs whom ordinary military operations have proven hopeless to subdue; and the society is to be a perpetual one for similar purposes. They take the vows of "poverty," "chastity," and "obedience," fortified by the sanctities of a *sacrament* (*i. e.*, military oath). Their brother-officers—the whole service, in fact—objects. They say, "You may burn your pay and give away your emoluments if you see fit, after you once take them; but so long as you

remain in the service, we insist that you shall sign the pay-rolls and take your money like the rest of us. To do otherwise will tend to disorganize the service. As to the vow of 'celibacy,' we do not care a rap whether you marry or not, but keep quiet about the matter, and do not make of yourselves marked men whom it would not be fitting to employ upon certain delicate duties to which you may hereafter be assigned. The third vow, of 'obedience,' we simply will not tolerate. There is only one kind of obedience possible to an officer, and to that you have already sworn."

Now, suppose they persist, and organize the "Order of the Field of the Cloth of Gold," and get ready to proceed against the Modocs? When they returned from the expedition, they would find themselves broken for "conduct unbecoming an officer and a gentleman." Any army or navy officer can say whether or not this is correct.

Then, besides this, they would not be successful against the Modocs. It is the sincere opinion of those who are disturbed by the establishment of the "Order of the Holy Cross" (that is to say, by the overwhelming majority of the Episcopal Church), that the wish which lies so near to the heart of the noble Bishop Potter cannot be achieved by any such agency. The reason of their conviction is this: they have seen similar agencies tried, with comparatively so little results, and attended by so much confusion and trouble, that they are unwilling to have the Church's name (in which they have a property right) lent to the support of what they deem to be a mischievous experiment. They are disturbed all the more because the name of the Assistant Bishop of New York is such a tower of strength that it can sustain almost any weight which may be fastened upon it.

They are still further disturbed to find from the letter of the Bishop that in this case the vows are not to be received at their face value. By a private understanding, they are not irrevocable, but terminable at somebody's will. That is, instead of burning their bridges behind them in order to inflame their courage, they have only locked the gate, and thoughtfully left the key where they can lay their hand upon it if they should be too hard pushed.

* * *

PHILADELPHIA, January 22.

[We feel reluctant to argue with a clergyman upon questions of ecclesiastical law, but, taking our courage in both hands, as the French say, we will deny that the vows taken by the members of "The Order of the Holy Cross" "conflict with the terms of any previous contract to which the man has agreed," or, to be more particular, conflict with his ordination vows. The vow of chastity and poverty certainly does not do so. No clergyman is pledged to marry, or to get or keep money. The vow of obedience to the chief of the order is taken, we maintain under correction, subject to the vow of obedience to the Bishop. There is no monastic or quasi-monastic order, in the Protestant Church at least, whose ordained members claim exemption from episcopal authority. Our correspondent's military illustration seems to us all at fault. A good analogy would be a vow of implicit obedience to the commander of a corps of irregulars, detached, with the permission of the general-in-chief, on special service. Nobody would think this vow inconsistent with the military oath.—ED. NATION.]

THE GREEK OF THE FUTURE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In an article in the *North American Review* for November, 1884, on "Herbert Spencer's

Latest Critic," by Prof. E. L. Youmans, is a comical illustration of what we might expect if the editorial views of the *Popular Science Monthly* upon classical studies should unhappily prevail. I have no intention of discussing the article as a whole, which is a defence of Mr. Spencer against an attack of Prof. Isaac L. Rice; I wish merely to show how certain people who decry the study of Greek as antiquated folly are compelled to get their knowledge of Plato, when they need it, and what kind of knowledge they get. Professor Rice had criticised Mr. Spencer for alluding to Plato as one who made "state-enactments the sources of right and wrong," and had said that, although such language was uttered by Thrasymachus in the "Republic," it was "exposed and castigated by the unpitying irony of Socrates the philosopher." None but a brave man would have ventured to dispute this statement; and, whatever Mr. Spencer may have meant by his casual allusion to Plato, he certainly did not refer to the doctrines advocated by Socrates in the first book of the "Republic," nor will he thank Professor Youmans for coming so valiantly to his rescue armed with the well-known argument by which Socrates there silences Thrasymachus.

Professor Youmans begins with the bewildering statement that "the dispute between Socrates and Thrasymachus is whether the 'just' is something that is expedient' simply, or whether it is that which is expedient to 'the more powerful'; and that the disputants do not differ (!) with regard to the authority of the State is shown by a passage on the next page." How, now, does he get at his passage of Plato which is to establish this astounding opinion? The old-fashioned way would be, of course, to go to Plato and see what he says. But our new lights have a far better way of getting at Plato than by going to him, as they have long been preaching to us; and we need not be surprised that our reviewer, when he tells us that he "turns to the dialogue," really turns to a very different thing, Bohn's translation of the "Republic," which he (apparently without intended sarcasm) calls "a standard authority." From this he borrows the following precious argument between Socrates and Thrasymachus, which he publishes as "Plato":

"Tell me, do you not say that it is just to obey governors? Yes, I do. Are the governors in the several States infallible, or are they capable of error? Certainly, said he, they are liable to err. When they set about making laws, then, do they not make some of them right and some of them wrong? I think so. To make them right, then, is to make them expedient for themselves; and to make them not right (that is), inexpedient; or how mean you? Just so. And what they enact is to be observed by the governed; and this is what is just? Of course. According to your reasoning, then, it is just to do what is expedient to the stronger, while the contrary is what is not expedient; what say you? Replied he, I am of the same opinion as yourself."

After this, Professor Youmans has no hesitation in proclaiming his adversary vanquished.

Let us see, however, what Plato really says; and let it be remembered that the passage in question does not contain a single sentence or a single word about the meaning of which there can be the slightest dispute. It is found in 'Repub.' I., p. 339 B-D, where Socrates proceeds to reduce to absurdity the doctrine of Thrasymachus that justice is "what is for the good of the stronger," "the stronger" being "the government of the State." (I insert S. and T. to show the speakers, in place of "said I" and "said he.")

"S. You doubtless say, further, do you not, that it is just to obey the rulers?—T. I do.—S. But are the rulers in the several States infallible, or are they liable to make occasional mistakes?—T. Certainly, they are liable to make some mistakes.—S. When, now, they undertake to make laws, do they make some rightly and some

wrongly?—T. I think they do.—S. And is making them rightly making them for their own advantage, and is making them wrongly making them for their own disadvantage? Or how do you mean?—T. I mean just this.—S. And whatever they enact, the subjects must do; and this is justice, is it?—T. Of course it is.—S. According to your argument, then, it is just to do not only what is for the advantage of the stronger, but also the exact reverse of this, what is for his disadvantage.—T. What is this that you are saying?—S. It is, I believe, just what you say."

Mr. Rice had also called Mr. Spencer to account for naming the three parts of the human mind in Plato's psychology "reason, will, and passion," instead of "reason, high-spirit (the seat of indignation and similar emotions), and desire," corresponding to the three classes of citizens and the State—guardians or rulers, warriors, and common citizens. To help Mr. Spencer here, Mr. Youmans brings up the following explanation (?) from the same "standard authority":

"The Republic of Plato is a development of the analogy between the ideas of the perfect man and the perfect State. . . . He opens the inquiry with a kind of analysis of the human mind, which he divides into three parts—first, the rational or reasoning principle (*τὸ λογιστικόν*); secondly, the spirit or will (*τὸ θυμικόν* or *θυμόβητς*); and thirdly, the appetite or passion (*τὸ ἐπιθυμητικόν*); which last, however, indicates nothing beyond that vital impulse which leads from one sensation to another. . . . He then proceeds to classify the members or parts of his ideal Republics. These he classes under three heads or divisions, corresponding with the faculties of the soul—viz., 1, The *Βουλευτικόν* (councillors), those who employ reason in the contemplation of what best suits the State; 2, The *ἐπικουρικόν*, those who aid the *Βουλευτά* with a ready will; 3, The *Χρηματιστικόν* who are bent on gain and selfish gratification."

We can hardly conceive of a statement less calculated to give anybody real light either upon the Platonic State or the Platonic psychology. First, Plato does not confine himself, in the discussions of the "Republic," to either the perfect man or the perfect State. Secondly, he does not "open the inquiry" with the analysis of the mind and then proceed to classify the parts of the State to correspond with the mental faculties; he follows just the reverse order, and makes the State the model in his psychology. Thirdly, the added explanation (?) of the third element in the soul effectively conceals what is sound in the previous clause. Fourthly, who would ever detect the military class in the State under No. 2 in the classification which follows? Fifthly, the account of the mass of citizens as "bent on gain and selfish gratification" is a strange reproach, especially upon the citizens of "a perfect State." The Greek is copied here *verbatim et literatim* from the *Review*; and we can imagine the malicious pleasure with which Professor Bowen might read it (with the help of the original Plato), reflecting on the ancient days when the *North American*, under his direction, was the glory of the American Athens.

We must all feel grateful to our reviewer for giving us this timely warning of what might be in store for us in the future; although it is a little hard to be thus "tormented before our time."

Yours truly,
W. W. GOODWIN.

CAMBRIDGE, January 22, 1885.

WEST POINTERS OF THE CONFEDERATE STATES ARMY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Recognizing as I do my own humble obscurity, in comparison with the world-wide renown of the distinguished principals in the so-called Sherman-Davis embroilment, I do not presume to inject myself into that unfortunate controversy. But being a West Pointer, and having read in General Sherman's letters, in the reports of remarks of members of the United States

Senate, and especially in the editorials of some of the leading papers of our country which were inspired by the controversy in question, such words as "traitor," "treason," "treachery," etc., coupled with "cadet," "West-Point graduate," "former officer of the United States Army," etc., I feel that it is not presumption to beg a brief space in your columns to put myself at least right on the record. I do not claim to speak for any West Pointer but myself, yet I believe that I shall express the sentiments of the majority of those who cast their lot with the Southern States when I expose, as I intend to, my own.

I was graduated from the United States Military Academy in 1859. I am a Virginian by birth, but was reared from an infant in Alabama, and my parents resided in that State in 1854 when I was nominated to a cadetship by the Hon. Samson W. Harris. I have, therefore, always considered myself as an Alabamian. As a cadet at West Point I considered myself as much a representative of Alabama at the National Military Academy as my Congressman was her representative in the national legislature. When I was graduated, and commissioned a brevet second lieutenant of Engineers in the United States army, I considered myself as a part of Alabama's quota to the Federal army, for purposes of national defence. All this, with the doctrines of States' rights, State sovereignty, and the principles of loyalty, fidelity, and devotion to one's native State had been instilled into me from my earliest childhood. As noble a father as a boy ever had, believed these doctrines and principles to be not only sound but *constitutional*, and taught them to me. I had heard him discuss them and reiterate them a thousand times in public and in private. I had heard my Congressman enunciate the same principles in most eloquent terms in his campaign speeches. No wonder then that I was imbued with them.

So, when Alabama seceded on the 11th day of January, 1861, and I was informed of the fact by Gov. A. B. Moore, then Governor of the State, in a telegram which closed by ordering me to resign from the United States army and report as soon as practicable to him at Montgomery, my *duty* seemed perfectly plain. It was a terrible duty to perform. I well remember the bitter, sleepless night I passed in its contemplation before I could bring myself to its performance. My whole life's dream of honor, usefulness, promotion, and perhaps fame, as an officer of the Corps of Engineers, was rudely dispelled. I saw perfectly clearly that all that I had toiled for at West Point for five long, hard years, and all the bright anticipations of an honorable career in the army, which my two short years of army life had but made more bright, were gone for ever. And yet the *duty* had to be done. And on the 13th of January, 1861, I tendered to the President of the United States the resignation of my commission in the Corps of Engineers of the United States army. In that resignation I stated in effect that Alabama, the State from which I was appointed, having seceded from the Federal Union, I no longer had a right to hold a commission in the Federal army, and my duty to my State demanded that I should obey her call to return to her; and therefore, with the deepest regret, I tendered the resignation of my commission, to take effect on the 1st day of February, by which time I trusted that I should be relieved from all responsibility for public property in my charge.

My resignation was accepted, and an engineer clerk was sent to me, at my post, and to him I turned over all United States property and got a receipt in full. Then came the second hard trial in the beginning of this dreadful drama. I had charge of the construction of a fort on the coast of Florida. The first day of February, 1861, was a beautiful, bright, warm but breezy day.

The broad "star-spangled banner" which floated from the flagstaff of the fort, stood straight out from its halyards, and as I looked up to it to bid it farewell, I thought it had never looked so proud, so bright, so beautiful before. With hat off, and tears in my eyes, I bade it "good-by," and started for Montgomery. And that was the saddest journey of my life.

Now, Mr. Editor, I have told you the "truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth" in regard to my leaving the United States army "to join in the rebellion," to use the official phrase. Did I act like a traitor plotting treason and treachery? Was I a cruel conspirator engaged in a deep-laid scheme to destroy the United States Government? Was I ever false to my oath to support the Constitution of the United States, according to my understanding of it? I myself feel that none of these charges can be laid at my door. I know that throughout the whole fearful ordeal, I acted strictly in accordance with the dictates of my conscience; and it was that consciousness alone that enabled me to go through with it in such a manner that I can say to-day that I did nothing but what I conceived to be my duty.

There was no ambition, no self-seeking to support me and lure me on. On the contrary, it was a sacrifice of self from beginning to end, from a sense of duty. And such I believe were the feelings and sentiments of every West Pointer who left the Federal army to join the fortunes of the Confederate States. Some of them were much older than myself, and may have had much more decided political convictions than I. But I honestly believe that polities in the ordinary sense of the word had nothing to do with the actions of the officers of the army. They left the army because their States seceded, and they believed it was their duty to do so. Many of them, like myself, may have doubted the policy of secession; many of them, I doubt not, were opposed to secession; but when their States declared themselves out of the Union (as we believed they had a right to do), nothing was left for most of the Southern officers but to go with their States. Yet some of them remained in the army, and to those I give all credit for having acted in accordance with their convictions of duty. They took a different view from myself of the conditions and circumstances which made our case a peculiar one. They had a right to their views, and a right to act as conscience dictated. I have never harbored a harsh feeling against them, nor uttered a reproachful word about them. I can easily understand that it was not perfectly clear to everyone that the course I and so many others pursued was the one which the highest duty marked out. The questions brought out by those terrible times were very hard ones to solve; many cogent and almost convincing arguments were found in favor of both sides of all of them. It is but the simplest charity, therefore, for all true Americans to believe that every man who was willing to risk his life in support of his convictions was, at least, honest in those convictions. And if honest, then he could not be a traitor, could not be guilty of treachery and conspiracy.

In fact, Mr. Editor, I do not believe there is a man in the United States who sincerely feels that Gen. Robert E. Lee was a traitor. If so, then Washington was a traitor, and not Arnold; for no man has lived in America since Washington who was more exactly his peer and parallel than General Lee. And this reminds me that Washington was the first great American rebel. As such he was known and styled for eight long, dark, and doubtful years, until he succeeded. Then even the mother country recognized him as a revolutionist. So that rebellion is but unsuccessful revolution. And such rebels we of the South acknowledge ourselves to have been, and

only such. Even though we did not succeed, I trust I shall yet live to see the day when our Northern brethren will have the magnanimity to expunge that word rebellion from their histories of our great civil war. Nay, more, I do believe that, if I shall live to the span of life ordinarily allotted to men, I shall see our Northern brethren not only willing to cease from calling us rebels, but willing to acknowledge that what we fought for was worth fighting for. I freely acknowledge that what they fought for was worth all the sacrifices they so freely and nobly made. They fought for union, and strength, and the perpetuity of our glorious republic. We fought for liberty, self-government, and the autonomy of States. Both are foundation-stones of our government. Both are necessary for its preservation. Take either of them away from the foundation, and the grand structure erected by our fathers will topple and fall. "Liberty and Union, one and inseparable," is the true motto of our country.

Finally, in all that I have written, I have not intended to criticise any living soul, least of all to say aught against Gen. W. T. Sherman, whom I know personally, and for whom I have the greatest admiration and respect. I know, from favors received from him, that his big heart is brimful of kindness to us whose lives have been very hard because we were on the other side. I know that he is straightforward, honest, and upright in all that he says and does. I am sorry that he and Mr. Davis should have passed unpleasant words for Mr. Davis, too, I think, is a good man. In fact, the two men are alike in many respects—both of strong character, strong convictions, strong impulses—and are only enemies because their convictions have carried them to extremes in opposite directions.

Respectfully,
S. H. LOCKETT,
Class of '59, U. S. M. A.

[We print the above out of respect to the writer, and not because we can well afford the room, or think the discussion profitable at this date, either in or out of Congress.—ED. NATION.]

PLAIN DEALING WITH "THE MASSES."
TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Doctor Holmes, in his recently published book on Emerson, says:

"Our Republican philosopher is clearly enough outspoken on this matter of the *vox populi*: 'Leave this hypocritical prating about the masses. Masses are rude, lame, unmade, pernicious in their demands, and need not to be flattened, but to be schooled. I wish not to concede anything to them, but to tame, drill, divide, and break them up, and draw individuals out of them.'"

The author then says:

"After reading what Emerson says about 'the masses,' one is tempted to ask whether a philosopher can ever have 'a constituency' and be elected to Congress! Certainly the essay just quoted from would not make a very promising campaign document."

And yet we know of a philosopher who had "a constituency" about whom he had said much harder things than the above-quoted sentiments of Mr. Emerson. John Stuart Mill has given in his 'Autobiography' an account of his candidacy for Parliament. He says, after referring to the address issued by him:

"My frankness on all other subjects on which I was interrogated, evidently did me far more good than my answers, whatever they might be, did harm. Among the proofs I received of this, one is too remarkable not to be recorded. In the pamphlet, 'Thoughts on Parliamentary Reform,' I had said, rather bluntly, that the working classes, though differing from those of some other countries in being ashamed of lying, are yet generally liars. This passage some opponent got

printed in a placard, which was handed to me at a meeting, chiefly composed of the working classes, and I was asked whether I had written and published it. I at once answered, 'I did.' Scarcely were these two words out of my mouth when vehement applause resounded through the whole meeting. It was evident that the working people were so accustomed to expect equivocation and evasion from those who sought their suffrages, that when they found, instead of that, a direct avowal of what was likely to be disagreeable to them, instead of being affronted, they concluded at once that this was a person whom they could trust. A more striking instance never came under my notice of what, I believe, is the experience of those who best know the working classes, that the most essential of all recommendations to their favor is that of complete straightforwardness; its presence outweighs in their minds very strong objections, while no amount of other qualities will make amends for its apparent absence."

Further on he says: "I was returned to Parliament by a majority of some hundreds over my Conservative competitor."

Perhaps, then, "the philosopher" whose words Doctor Holmes has quoted might have had "a constituency" and been elected to Congress, had he so desired, in spite of the harsh words he had written about the masses.—Respectfully,

S. WATSON.

NASHVILLE, TENN.

MR. CABLE'S CREOLE DIALECT.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Apropos of the Note in your last issue on Mr. Cable's "Freedman's Case in Equity," I should like to call attention to the criticism of Mr. Cable's writings in the New Orleans *Times-Democrat* of January 11, 1885, continued in the same paper on January 18. This criticism is particularly noteworthy, since written by the greatest of Creole authors, Charles Gayarré. In it Judge Gayarré repeats a remark made by him to me some time ago, that Mr. Cable, just after the "Grandissimes" appeared, acknowledged that he was not personally acquainted with two Creole families. Turning from this criticism, which is certainly one of the most scathing I have ever read, I should like to make two statements in regard to Mr. Cable's productions.

When about six numbers of "Doctor Sevier" had appeared in the *Century*, in speaking of it to a friend, I said I found it strange that a negro should hold such a position as Narcisse occupies. "Why, you jack," said my friend, "Narcisse is supposed to be a white man." I had been living in New Orleans all my life, associating with Creoles as schoolmates and friends, and it was not until then that I learned that the language of an intelligent Creole, such as the bookkeeper of Doctor Sevier must have been, was that which I had never heard used except by the blacks, and even these might be limited to the fast-disappearing slaves of *ante-bellum* times. The date of the "Grandissimes" is about the beginning of the present century. The characters speak this dialectic darling of Mr. Cable's. This broken English is supposed to be generally used. Now, it is certain that at that time fewer people in Louisiana—that is, of the Creoles—knew a word of English than can now speak Latin. Any one who has any idea of the amount of culture the average Louisianian has, will see at once the impossibility of this part of the "Grandissimes."—Yours very truly,

CHARLES B. STAFFORD.

TULANE UNIVERSITY, NEW ORLEANS,
January 19, 1885.

A SUM IN UNITED STATES CURRENCY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In a very entertaining and suggestive volume called "Economic Problems," recently published by Professor Sumner for the use principally of his students at Yale, the following

problem is proposed. If any of your readers will take a pencil and work it out, I think they will not only be greatly surprised at the result, but will gain a fuller appreciation of the enormous losses which can be inflicted on the industrious masses by stupid or ignorant economic legislation :

"In 1880 the nickel in a five-cent piece was worth three cents. The silver in four quarters or ten dimes was worth eighty cents—'cents' being hundredths of a gold dollar. A, B, and C each paid a five-cent fare. A paid with a nickel five-cent piece. B gave a trade dollar which was taken for ninety cents. He received three quarters and a dime in return. C gave a gold dollar and received three quarters and two dimes. What value in gold did each pay for his ride?"

According to my arithmetic, the answer is three, twenty-two, and twenty-four cents, respectively.

I. J. W.

PHILADELPHIA, January 19, 1885.

Notes.

MR. WILLIAM A. HOVEY, formerly editor of the *Boston Transcript*, has prepared a work on "Mind Reading and Beyond," which is now in the press of Lee & Shepard. It is largely a compilation from the reports scattered through the six numbers of the Proceedings of the London Society for Psychical Research, and will contain engravings illustrating the experiments described.

The Book Fellows' Club is the name of a little group of book-lovers here in New York who intend from time to time to print limited editions of the selected poems of their favorite poets. Last year they put forth their first volume, containing certain of the poems of Mr. Frederick Locker. This year they have issued "Songs and Ballads," by Edmund Clarence Stedman. The little book, beautifully printed by T. L. De Vinne & Co., contains just thirty poems, most of which are illustrated, not too successfully. The book is further adorned by an etched portrait of Mr. Stedman, by his book-plate, and by a graceful introductory poem written by Mr. H. C. Bunner at Mr. Stedman's request.

Mr. A. Lang's "Ballades and Verses Vain," published here last year by the Scribners, was in the main a selection from two English volumes, "Ballads and Lyrics of Old France" and "Ballades in Blue China"; it also contained the poems Mr. Lang had written since the latter publication. These new poems, with others still later, have now been gathered into "Rhymes à la Mode" (London: Kegan Paul, Trench & Co.; New York: Scribner & Welford), a dainty little volume intended solely for the English market, as it contains not a few of the lyrics included in the American "Ballades and Verses Vain." But "Rhymes à la Mode" is made of interest to American readers by a delightful little vignette by Mr. E. A. Abbey, which serves as a frontispiece.

The growing series of "Classics for Children," issued by Ginn, Heath & Co., Boston, has been augmented by Kingsley's "Greek Heroes," edited with explanatory notes (too elevated in style) and some changes in the spelling of proper names, by John Tetlow; and Scott's "Lady of the Lake," edited by Edwin Ginn, with a life of Sir Walter, an abridgment of the "Tales of a Grandfather," notes, and a map of the Scottish lakes.

The "Edwin Arnold Birthday Book," edited by the poet's daughters (Boston: D. Lothrop & Co.), is distinguished by printing the famous births along the margin instead of under each date, in the usual manner.

The fourth of Mr. Howells's peculiarly American plays, "The Elevator," has been reprinted (from *Harper's Monthly*) by J. R. Osgood & Co. in pocket form.

Keats in a shape for the pocket, and in scrupulous conformity to the three editions of his work published during his lifetime and under his supervision, has hitherto been a desideratum. Mr. F. T. Palgrave has undertaken to supply it, and puts out, through Macmillan & Co., a handy, and in the main attractive, little volume of the poetical works, each line thrice compared with its several originals. A few explanatory and critical notes have been added, with appropriate extracts from Keats's letters. For completeness' sake, the posthumous poems are included in this collection, though lacking their author's *imprimatur*; and the whole is offered as "a companion for the fortunate moments of travel or the country."

With Part 23, Harper & Bros. conclude the serial publication, in their Franklin Square Library, of the eighth edition of Stormonth's "Dictionary of the English Language," so that the whole work unbound costs a little less than six dollars. The American appendices are enlarged by the addition of the Constitution of the United States, which must be regarded as a happy thought, since our charter is a good thing to have in the house, and cannot well be bound up with the family Bible. In the nature of things, the last well-edited dictionary should be, in many respects, the best of its class, the class here being neither the illustrated nor the encyclopedic.

Despite what we said the other day of the occasional foreign complexion of our leading monthlies, the two bound volumes (68 and 69) of *Harper* for the past year show a strong infusion of American nationalism. Mr. Bigginson's major history of the United States, which has been running in the magazine, needed to be illustrated with portraits, and so we have a remarkable gallery of Presidents, Vice-Presidents, and statesmen, coming down to the beginning of the anti-slavery movement. This array is offset by the monarchs and other great English personages depicted in connection with the paper on "The Great Hall of William Rufus," which the dynamiters have now done so much to "put in evidence." In the tours of the world which our magazines contrive to make annually, the readers of *Harper* for 1884 have been able to journey almost continuously from Victoria across the continent by way of the two northern lines of railroad, the great lakes, and the St. Lawrence, with liberty to touch at Queenstown, on the Yorkshire coast, at Biarritz or at Trouville on the French coast, in Holland (thanks to Mr. Boughton's artistic strolling), at Copenhagen, at Mentone on the Mediterranean; with the Nile and Sardis still to come. Emerson, Whittier, Tennyson, Charles Reade, Sidney Smith, J. D. Hooker, and Darwin (with a magnificent early portrait) are among the literary and scientific worthies here commemorated afresh. Wm. Black's "Judith Shakspere" has been the principal serial.

The physiognomy of *Harper's Bazaar* (Vol. 17) for the same period is not so readily described; but that of *Harper's Weekly* (Vol. 28) can be briefly outlined by naming as the subjects of its chief illustrations the floods of the Ohio and Mississippi Valley, the Cincinnati riot (how near and yet how far!), the Greely Relief Expedition, and the Presidential campaign, in which the editor and the caricaturist were signally in accord, and did such effective work in behalf of the better cause.

While Philadelphia is very far from being the first book-publishing city in the United States, it is the only one, we believe, in which a book-firm exists a hundred years old in the direct line of the founder. Len Brothers & Co. celebrate, in a modest little retrospect entitled "One Hundred Years of Publishing," the rounding of a century since their great-grandfather, the celebrated Mathew Carey, began to print books as well as

periodicals. There came to his successors a time when the field of general literature, which they had so actively worked, became less profitable than a special department promised to be—that of medicine namely; and this is now well known to be the specialty of the firm of which Mr. Henry C. Lea was until lately the head, he himself making an occasional innovation by publishing his own remarkable historical studies. It is worthy of note that a division of the business of Carey & Lea in 1829 led to the establishment of another house, Carey & Hart, now Henry Carey Baird & Co., Mr. Baird being a grandson of Mathew Carey, and being likewise entitled to point to "one hundred years of publishing."

The annual report of the Light-House Board to the Secretary of the Interior for the year ending June 30, 1884, is adorned with a frontispiece reproducing an old engraving of the first light-house built within the limits of the United States—in Boston Harbor, namely, in 1716. Coming to the contents, we have been especially interested in the account of the trials experienced in building a light-house on the dangerous Saint George's Reef opposite Crescent City, Cal. The rock and the sea were obstacles enough, but this narrative also shows clearly the penny-wise and pound-foolish policy of Government in making niggardly appropriations for necessary public works, and in making them at the close of the session instead of at the beginning.

Little by little, private enterprise is doing the proper work of the Government in cataloguing and advertising and selling its own publications. Mr. John H. Hickox, Washington, D. C., sends us the first number of his *United States Publications*, a monthly catalogue, which "will include publications of every description printed by order of Congress, or of any of the departments of Government, during the month preceding the date of publication." Twenty pages, 8vo, are needed for the January number. The entries are very intelligently made, the cross-references are numerous, and the typography tasteful and accurate. Such a periodical cannot fail to be appreciated by Congressmen, and will of course find its way into every library. Examination will reveal an unexpectedly large number of subjects having a public interest quite apart from mere legislation.

As January is the favorite month for new periodical enterprises, two other first numbers are before us—the *Collegian* and the *Spectator*. The *Collegian* is to appear monthly, being issued from No. 55 Pine Street, in this city, and is to be devoted primarily "to the interests of colleges and their graduates." A "Veterinary Department" seems a queer feature. A convenient chronological register of American colleges overruns the cover. The *Spectator* is a Boston enterprise, semi-political, semi-literary, with some not obvious connection with the Webster Historical Society (of which it gives a list of members). The intention of the proprietors is to make it ultimately a weekly. The place of publication is the Old South Meeting-house: a Boston notion, truly.

Outing for February is a very inviting-looking number, the illustrations being abundant and, as usual, of good quality. It opens with a paper on "The Mont Blanc of Our Switzerland," by J. R. W. Hitchcock, the mountain in question being known as Rainier to those who respect priority of discovery, and as Tacoma to purists. The ascent is difficult and perilous, and few have succeeded in it, and probably no two parties or individuals have taken exactly the same routes in coming or going, so that Mr. Hitchcock's narrative may safely be called fresh as it is readable. He does not appear to have reached the summit, his objective point being the glaciers.

At a late meeting of the London Society of Architects, papers were read describing a new

plaster (Hitchin's), which can be set up dry; a new asbestos paint, which absolutely protects woodwork from burning, though it lets it char; and a new rock composition, called Hygeian, which keeps out not merely water, but all moisture. If we can protect our houses completely from fire and damp, and when building them do not have to wait for weeks while the plaster dries, the millennium of the building art must be at hand.

The Proceedings of the Royal Geographical Society for January contain a paper by R. G. Haliburton, a son of the historian, entitled "A Search in British North America for Lost Colonies of Northmen and Portuguese." The first part is devoted to an attempt to show that Vinland must have been the west coast of Newfoundland, the story of the grapes being an invention to attract settlers—a method practised successfully before by the Northmen in the case of Greenland. The rest of the paper is derived from a work by Señor Ernesto do Canto, of São Miguel, Azores, consisting mainly of "documents connected with the family of the Corté-Reals, the explorers and first governors of northeastern America." From these it appears that the Portuguese, under one Fagundes, settled in Cape Breton in 1521, probably remaining some years. In 1567 they made a second attempt to found a colony on this island, while a third settlement was made by the Spaniards in the same place between the years 1580 and 1597. It is possible that some mounds at St. Peters, Cape Breton, which tradition says were there before the coming of the French, and in which an ancient gun was found some twenty years ago, are remains of these early settlements.

Teachers of history who wish to present the characters and customs of past times vividly before their pupils, will find Weisser's "Bilderatlas zur Weltgeschichte" (Stuttgart: Paul Neff) very serviceable. It consists of fifty numbers, containing usually three sheets each—146 in all—extending from the earliest times to the French Revolution. It might very easily have been made better. In the first place it gives disproportionate space to ancient history—eighty-eight sheets, or ninety-five if we reckon those which depict the early Christian Church. This is probably because ancient history affords so much more abundant material than mediaeval. A second fault is, that the plan has been to give a large number of small pictures rather than a few large ones. Consequently, there are a great many portraits of relatively insignificant persons, while the really great men have scant justice done them. A more serious fault is, that a great many of the illustrations are not historical except in their subject. The four sheets of Old Testament history, and the four of the life of Christ and the times of the Apostles, as well as several of Greek mythology, are composed of the designs of Michael Angelo, Raphael, and other later artists. With all these defects the work is of great value, containing portraits of all the most famous men of history, most of them fairly good, and some excellent; also illustrations of costumes, trades, armor, etc.; and, in the time of the Reformation, several interesting caricatures, e. g., from the "Passional Christi und Antichristi" of Lucas Cranach. Each sheet has a page of description. It is sold at the very low rate of 50 pfennigs (half a mark=12½ cents) a *Lieferung*, making the whole work cost 25 marks, or between six and seven dollars; so that, even if one could often wish it better, the purchaser will at any rate get ample return for his money.

The high importance of the drama in France is indicated by the number of *L'Univers Illustré* for January 3, 1885, which is almost wholly given up to the great event of the Parisian theatrical year, the production of M. Victorien

Sardou's "Théodora" at the Porte-Saint-Martin Theatre, with Mme. Sarah Bernhardt as the frail heroine. *L'Univers Illustré* gives us a portrait of the dramatist, a facsimile of his MS., a sketch of his library, and a view of the gates of his park, together with two full-page pictures of the chief scenes of the play, a page of costume-sketches, and a facsimile of the score composed by M. Massenet for one of the songs in the play. Among the literary contents of the paper is a translation of Irving's "Rip Van Winkle," made timely by the production in Paris of M. Planquette's operetta "Rip."

M. Victor Fournel has followed his excellent collection of the comedies of the "Contemporains de Molière" with another of the "Petites Comédies rares et curieuses du XVI^e Siècle" (Paris: Quantin; New York: E. W. Christen). Into the first of his two beautifully printed volumes M. Fournel has gathered seven comedies bearing on different points of literary history. One, for instance, is on the rivalry of beauty between the sonnets on Job and on Uranie, and another is on *bouts-rimés*. In the second volume are collected five other little plays, bearing rather on manners and customs. M. Fournel introduces each play with a brief biographical sketch of the author, and appends linguistic and literary notes at the foot of the page when needed.

—The February *Atlantic* continues its serial stories, of which the interest has been already noted, and among its "occasional" articles there is none preeminent. The *pièce de résistance* is the second paper on the Salon of Madame Möhl, which is more varied than was the former one, and more directly concerned with the Salon itself. The celebrities dealt with are Thiers in his youth; Julius Möhl, of whom a "portrait" is given; Jean Jacques Ampère, Chateaubriand, Madame Récamier, and Loménie—all in brief strokes. Madame Möhl herself receives the largest share of attention; and the arrangements, the material simplicity and intellectual air of the Salon, and the mode of conducting conversation, are dwelt on with much effect, as the contrast with the general spirit of the Second Empire is strongly brought out. The nature article is an account of Boston winter birds by Bradford Torrey, in his usual vein, and it will prove a surprise to many Bostonians to find the number and kind of birds that haunt the Common and the Milldam. At least one catches the local touch in the author's remark, as he impersonates the promenader on a Sunday: "Yes, yes! English sparrows, of course; we haven't any other birds in Boston nowadays, you know." It appears that our faithful robin has been seen every month except February. The revival of the study of antique art is treated by Mr. Lisecomb under one of the most extraordinarily inappropriate titles we ever saw, "The Quest for the Grail of Ancient Art"; and art, especially the feeling of the Renaissance, is also involved in the review of Vernon Lee, whose last work, however, receives no attention, being presumably reserved. Doctor Holmes contributes some pleasant paragraphs about his biographical labors and the curious identity that arises between the author and his hero in such employment, and a few words of farewell to the recently demolished Holmes house at Cambridge—a Revolutionary landmark of which the familiar sight was dear to many generations of Harvard men.

—*Lippincott's* for February has a predominantly foreign interest. This is marked in the new instalment of its vulgar serial, "On This Side," in which the English party is introduced to the reader; but in the other articles it is both more pronounced and agreeable. The oft-told story of the steerage passage between New York and Liverpool is again pleasantly written, and in "The Palimpsest of Paris" we have a semi-his-

terical travel-sketch; while more solid matter is furnished in the history of the gradual increase of popular representation in Parliament, and in the brief résumé of the principal points of the Prussian civil-service system. The concluding article is a suggestive inquiry as to whether there has been the same aesthetic development in children's nature, manners, education, etc., as in their garments. The scene, it is true, is on a hotel piazza, but it is not in such places only that one finds the children almost too lovely until they open their mouths to speak.

—Under the title "Pullman: A Social Study," Mr. Richard T. Ely, who has before written somewhat on socialism from the politico-economic standpoint, gives in the current *Harper's* an account of the community near Chicago, in which some people would fain foresee the model of the "industrial group" of the future. Here above 8,000 souls are gathered, and live under the supervision and largely in the employ of several independent but associated manufacturing companies. The annual product of their labor is reckoned in millions, and the owners, under the leadership of Mr. George M. Pullman, have endeavored to apply some part of this wealth beyond the necessary wages-fund for the benefit of the producers. A town has been built with attention especially directed to cleanliness, house-comforts, and a certain kind of beauty; there is a library, a theatre, a hotel—in a word, it is, in all its appointments, the best of the sort of towns that the history of the West has shown can be manufactured quickly and to order, and it stands single in its interest because the enterprise has been directed by one board of control, and has recognized as a chief end the good of the laborer. If any of our readers desire to know how Pullman looks externally, he will find its pleasantest features, without the glare and crudeness and "squattness" that it shares with all Western towns, in the pictures and the text. Mr. Ely, in this part, had only to use his eyes and to buy photographs. But he found difficulty in getting at the interior of life in this community; the officers were slow to talk, and the employees and tradesmen also thought discretion the better part of conversation. In one way or another, however, he seems to have penetrated into the matter, and his report as a student interested in social experimentation is of much value, in spite of the obstacles in the way of investigation.

—The first point is, that philanthropy in this case is an investment, and, moreover, a paying one. Streets, houses, sewage, all things needful to healthy, comfortable, and pretty town, were made economically but well, and rents so placed as to return ten per cent. on the outlay. The second point is, that there is, properly speaking, no civic life in the community, but, on the contrary, the citizens are taken care of on the patriarchal plan, under an arbitrary power in comparison with which that of Bismarck over Germany would be designated as democratic. Nothing is given to the laborers outright, because presumably it would be charity, and charity is corrupting to the manhood of the recipient; and nothing is left to the government or decision of the laborer, but the ruling power looks after his interests unassisted. There is no newspaper, for there is no popular judgment to be addressed, no criticism to be allowed. Churches must pay rent, and this, apparently, acts as a prohibitive tariff on public religion. Leases can be vacated by the owners on ten days' notice, without cause assigned. It is not necessary to enumerate more of such notable and significant features. If a wealthy corporation provides brick houses and wide streets and ornamental flower-plots, a theatre of real beauty, and a library-room (which is one of the most elegant that the writer has ever

seen), it is a very creditable thing. Health, home, the opportunity for growth in intelligence, for amusement in pleasant surroundings, and for some cultivation, however rudimentary, of the sense of beauty, are among the things most ardently desired by friends of the workingmen everywhere. But if with these advantages goes the condition that the corporation shall have power to dismiss from employment, to turn out of the community on ten days' notice, to suppress individual initiative, criticism, and public expression of opinion—in fact, to govern without the least practical regard to the will of the governed—those who believe that the good of the laborer is indivisibly united with democratic institutions will think the philanthropy of material comfort, which, after all, pays ten per cent. interest to the corporation, incomplete. What do the workmen themselves think of it? Mr. Ely says they do not stay long in the place. In fact, an "industrial group" so governed is as alien from the republic in which it exists as is the Mormon "industrial group." It can no more become the social unit of the future than the national character can become Asiatic, a compound of tyranny and torpor. The great illustrative value of the Pullman experiment lies in its proving the feasibility and especially the financial economy of such expansion of the scope of capital in its relations to labor. The second step will be taken when the workmen, having developed, instead of suppressed, their powers of combination for administrative purposes, through the influence of democratic institutions, shall be able to place their own trustees in the seats of "the officers," and appropriate the ten per cent. rent to their own wages fund. Meanwhile, the town of Pullman, politically speaking, can only be regarded as a sort of Carlyle's institution. A man, he said, should be as well taken care of as a horse; and that seems to be the ideal here practically achieved. The only sign of change is that workmen are now to be allowed to acquire titles on tracts of land adjoining the settlement. This is the first indication that the managers perceive that, though a town can be manufactured as well as a car-wheel, a social state must grow. The attempt to found a city and run it as a public institution, without regard to the underlying principles of our nationality bred into the race by a thousand years of ever-increasing popular liberty, is one of the strikingly characteristic phenomena of a machine-making age. It is not socialism; it is the complete autocracy of corporate wealth; and, as in all autocracies, the good done under the good tyrant must die when his successor is enthroned.

—The *Century* is fairly divided between literature and war. James, and Mark Twain, and Howells with a double portion, place the number on a high level of work, and Stedman gives a fresh study in his series on our American authors, in writing which he is so leisurely—the subject this time being Doctor Holmes. In attempting this critique Mr. Stedman faced unusual difficulties, for the place the venerable Autocrat fills is rather in the hearts than in the brains of his readers—in their kindly and truly social appreciation. His manner is that of talk, and criticism of it must always seem superfluous if not irrelevant. Mr. Stedman, however, has turned the corners cleverly enough. Much curiosity has been felt to see how General Grant would treat the military subjects upon which articles by him have been announced. There is always likely to be an exaggerated expectation of new light which is pretty surely doomed to disappointment. Badeau's "Military Life of Grant" has been understood to have been prepared under the active supervision of the General himself, and the article upon Shiloh will strengthen instead of weakening this impression.

The story is the same, with only such modifications as the rules of personal narrative would impose upon the author. The imputation of injustice to Halleck and of dilatoriness to L. Wallace are not withdrawn. The assertion that the arrival of Buell's army, while a welcome aid, was not a necessary condition of safety or even of victory, is reiterated. We do not notice any new presentation of facts bearing upon these controverted questions, though it is something to have the avowal of personal opinion from the chief actor in the scene. The circumstantial statement of Grant's personal movements upon the field, and his whereabouts at different hours, is, of course, authoritative, and will be useful in settling controversies which have turned on these points. The narrative is clear, unaffected, and simple in style, as well becomes such a man in writing of such events. The illustrations of scenery and the portraits have the double charm of authenticity and admirable execution which have characterized the series. The larger portraits of Buell, of Sidney Johnston, and of Beauregard will be every way worthy to stand as the final presentation of the true features of those officers; and the smaller ones of the two Wallaces, of Hardee, and of Breckinridge are hardly inferior. That of General-Bishop Polk in his Episcopal habit is also excellent, though the garb emphasizes the singular contrast between the functions of the man. The sketches of battle scenes are supposed to be necessary to complete the illustrations, but we think men "who have served" will generally find them painfully inadequate, almost as a matter of course. Col. Preston Johnston's article upon his father's part in the campaign of Shiloh is avowedly based upon his extended memoir; but it is none the less a model of literary handling in the choice of its points, its condensation, and its clever painting of the features of General Johnston's character which give dignity and attraction to his history. The *Century* has carried its purpose of hearing both sides so far as to add General Jordan's article as an antidote to the imputations upon Beauregard's generalship which are found in the article by Colonel Johnston.

—The *Law Quarterly Review* is the title of the latest addition to English professional periodical literature, published at Oxford (Charles C. Soule, Boston, is the American agent), and having among its contributors a number of well-known men. The editor is Prof. Frederick Pollock, and to the opening number Mr. Justice (Sir James) Stephen and Prof. A. V. Dicey also contribute. Mr. Dicey's article is of considerable interest to American readers, as it discusses the principles which underlie "Federal Government." He gives an excellent exposition of the actual working of our Constitution, and points out that in the Swiss Republic and in the Canadian Dominion the Federal principle seems to be at work producing results somewhat similar to those we see about us here. Mr. Dicey thinks that the position of the judiciary, and its established function of treating acts of the legislature in conflict with the Constitution as void, are the result of Federalism—that is to say, that they would never originate in a non-Federal state. Conservative Americans will perhaps find curious confirmation of the truth of this suggestion in the fact that the further we get away from Federalism—that is, the more centralized we become—the less willing the Supreme Court seems to be to exercise this function in critical cases. It was Marshall who outlined the Federal view of the judicial function, and he did the work when the Union was a nearly untried experiment. The legal-tender decision, establishing sovereign undelegated powers in Congress, seems to be a long stride in the direction of a "unitarian" government. It may, of course,

be said that there is really no necessary connection between Federation and the judicial control of the legislature. If the Union were split up again into sovereign States, would not the constitutional limitations upon legislative power be still applied by the courts in each one of them, just as they are now? It is the aim of the editor to make the *Review* include the discussion of current decisions not merely in Great Britain and her colonies, but in the United States as well, the consideration of topics of proposed legislation before Parliament, the treatment of questions of immediate political and social interest in their legal aspect, inquiries into legal history, antiquities, and institutions, Continental jurisprudence and legislation, and current legal literature. The next number will contain an American contribution on Early English Equity, by Judge O. W. Holmes, Jr., of the Massachusetts Supreme Court.

HOLMES'S EMERSON.

Ralph Waldo Emerson. By Oliver Wendell Holmes. [American Men of Letters.] Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

THOSE who recall the graceful and felicitous tribute to Emerson uttered by Doctor Holmes before the Massachusetts Historical Society, need not expect to find in this book a prolongation of the same poetic treatment. That would be like asking Herrick or Andrew Marvell to compile another Boswell's Johnson. Nor can this memoir be tried by the standard of ordinary biographical works—those which tell us, for instance, a good deal about the life of their supposed subject. In truth, very little is here added to what we before knew of Emerson's career, while the greater part of what others have gathered is here omitted. Viewing the book merely as a memoir, the reader is disappointed; but taking it for what it is, a detailed review of the *opera omnia* of one man of genius by another, with running annotations, grave, gay, learned, and witty, it becomes both valuable and attractive. This is the form, evidently, in which Doctor Holmes has conceived his work—two-thirds of the pages (roughly estimating) being made of this sort of commentary. This is evidently done, to some extent, as task-work, though in a loyal spirit. There is a good deal that suggests the scissors and paste; and sometimes in the later pages, when the annotator comes back to the charge for the hundredth time, and says of an essay, "If I must select any of its wise words, I will choose," etc. (p. 299), the reader is disposed to recall little Alice's answer when Humpty Dumpty says, "If it comes to that, I can repeat poetry as well as any one"; and he is tempted to reply hastily with Alice, "O, but it needn't come to that." And yet, when we think how many capital sayings, how many delicious *obiter dicta*, are scattered through these four hundred pages—how many single phrases here occur that we should recognize as the Autocrat's if we came upon them in the desert of Sahara or the Congressional Debates—we are ready to pardon everything to the inexhaustible lapidary who thus fills our hands with gems.

Such phrases occur, for instance, when he compares Thoreau to one who insists on "nibbling his asparagus at the wrong end" (p. 86), and Bowen reviewing Emerson to "a sagacious pointer making the acquaintance of a box-tortoise" (p. 104); when he says that men describe themselves in the characters they draw, and adds, "One must have the mordant in his own personality, or he will not take the color of his subject" (p. 75); when he points out that "there is a kind of harmony between boldly-contrasted beliefs like that between complementary colors" (p. 133); when he compares Emerson to those "liv-

ing organisms so transparent that we can see their hearts beating and their blood flowing through their glassy tissues" (p. 421)—but why go on with illustrations that simply prove the Autocrat to have preserved the freshness, not of his youth indeed, but that of his middle period of life, which was much better? It is delightful to find him even breaking a lance in behalf of Emerson's one mild approach to a debasing sensuality—pie. Holmes stoutly declares pie to be "a good creature, at the right time and in angles of thirty or forty degrees." He says that it is only in semicircles and quadrants that it is dangerous, and bids us observe that Emerson escaped dyspepsia, while eating pie, although Carlyle became a martyr to it on oatmeal (p. 269). And the same merit that attaches to the biographer's own scintillations belongs also to the good things that he preserves; as when he records—taking it from Professor Thayer's little book, to be sure—the commentary of the *Alta California* upon Emerson's lecture on Immortality: "All left the church, feeling that an elegant tribute had been paid to the creative genius of the Great First Cause, and that a masterly use of the English language had contributed to that end" (p. 267).

It is among the most conspicuous deficiencies of this memoir that it leaves us almost wholly uninformed as to two of the most important aspects of Emerson's earlier life—his relations to the anti-slavery agitation and to the so-called transcendental movement. In both cases there is an obvious lack of personal knowledge, not filled by any assiduous inquiry. In the days when Emerson was in his prime, Holmes was but lately returned from Europe, full of zeal for his profession and his art—medicine and poetry; the latter then belonging almost wholly to the department of *vers de société*. It is pretty evident from some of his verses of that period—for instance, those on Jean Paul, whom he called "a German-silver spoon"—that transcendentalism simply bored him; while toward the anti-slavery agitation he probably had the usual prejudices of his social and professional circle, though not in any acrid form. On these two important and almost controlling aspects of Emerson's life, therefore, he was as unsympathetic as Ticknor or Everett; and though he makes some slight effort to describe that part of Emerson's environment, the sketch has neither amplitude nor life. He deals with Emerson as literature alone, and scarcely alludes to his surroundings. Where he does he is often in error: for instance, he utterly underrates Emerson's relations to the abolitionists, with whom he says that he "had never been identified" (p. 304). It is impossible to say what Doctor Holmes means by being identified; Emerson no more merged himself in any anti-slavery society than in the "Saturday Club." But there is no doubt that from the day when his great address on West India Emancipation was delivered at Concord (August 1, 1844), the abolitionists, who were not at all given to claiming or even recognizing any half converts, always accounted Emerson as their own. Doctor Holmes says of the Concord oration: "This discourse would not have satisfied the abolitionists" (p. 181), but he could easily have ascertained whether it actually did satisfy them or not by stepping into the Boston Public Library and looking at a file of the *Liberator* for 1844. He would then have perceived at once that the mere fact of Emerson's speaking at that time and place and on that subject was an act of self-identification with the unpopular party. The 1st of August was their day—a day of rejoicing, far more than the then incomplete and unsatisfactory associations of the 4th of July; it was their day, and nobody else celebrated it. As to the Concord meeting, they had tried in vain to obtain any church for it; but being refused, "to the disgrace of the town," as the *Liberator* said,

they obtained the town-hall. The other speakers of the day were of the straitest sect of abolitionism—Frederick Douglass, Samuel J. May, and William A. White; and these assembled fire-eaters then and there unanimously asked a copy of the address for publication. After stating these facts, Garrison goes on to say: "All who were at the meeting, so far as we have seen, concur in praising the address *as a most satisfactory performance*"—the italics being ours. Which, now, is entitled to speak with authority as to the satisfaction of the abolitionists—Garrison at the time, or Holmes forty years after! As a matter of fact, the address satisfied them so well that Wendell Phillips for years kept a supply of the pamphlet to give to the more fastidious critics of the anti-slavery movement—"upper-crust scoffers" he used to call them—for the removal of their prejudices, and Emerson in return was sufficiently content with the abolitionists to be a contributor to the *Liberty Bell*, their annual volume. After he had also committed himself against slavery in a speech at Cambridge, and had there been heartily hissed by the Southern law-students—a fact which Doctor Holmes does not mention—there was no longer any doubt on which side Emerson belonged. Men with ropes around their necks generally know who are their friends.

Something of the same deficiency that mars Doctor Holmes's treatment of Emerson's anti-slavery attitude is likewise found when he comes to treat the "transcendental" movement. There is a disproportion almost absurd in giving six pages to the *Monthly Anthology*, because it was edited by Emerson's father, and only five pages to the *Dial*, into which Emerson put so much of his own intellectual life. Even of those five pages, nearly four are taken bodily from the Emerson-Carlyle correspondence, which is in everybody's hands. It is possible that the omission may be due to the fact that this period has already been well delineated in other volumes of the series. It is certainly a proof of the still living interest in that particular intellectual movement that four of the eight volumes of the "American Men of Letters" series have been devoted to its leaders; but, after all, each volume in the list should have a certain completeness in itself, even at the risk of some repetition. As a result of this want, we have Emerson isolated, whereas he can only be fitly viewed as the centre of a group.

As we go through the book, we find here and there some minor misapprehensions. Thus Doctor Holmes, like Matthew Arnold, makes the mistake of quoting in full (p. 187) Emerson's characterization of the Whig and Democratic parties of forty years ago, and assuming it as still valid of the Democratic and Republican parties of to-day; the fact being not only that the lines are changed, but the positions almost reversed. Another minor error we find where we should least have expected it: in the account of the *Atlantic Monthly* and the "Saturday Club." Doctor Holmes says, truly enough, that these two things were wholly distinct; but he leaves curiously out of sight a "missing link," which he can have only momentarily forgotten. He says that "the 'Atlantic Club' has been spoken of as if there was or had been such an institution, but it never existed" (p. 222). Yet this is only technically true. No formal organization ever bore that title, perhaps; yet it was a name often applied informally to a series of dinners held monthly at the Revere House while the magazine was yet in charge of Phillips & Sampson. Those who met at these dinners were, so to speak, the early staff of the *Atlantic Monthly*; and they included the men who were also the nucleus of the "Saturday Club"; thus, in a general way, connecting the two. They also included the Websterian presence

of Mr. Phillips, the senior publisher, and the jocund companionship of his ally, the best storyteller in New England, Mr. John C. Wyman. Mr. F. H. Underwood, then assistant editor under Lowell, organized the dinner and collected the dues. At only one of these dinners, we suppose, were ladies present; the exception being an entertainment given to Dr. and Mrs. Stowe, in the year 1859. Other ladies were invited, but through some mishap none attended except Miss Harriet Prescott, afterwards Mrs. Spofford, who had just risen into fame through her first story, "In a Cellar." There were also present Holmes, Lowell, Longfellow, Whittier, Edmund Quincy, Higginson, Woodman, and a few more. A little shadow was thrown over the entertainment by the absence of wine—this exclusion being expressly stipulated by Mrs. Stowe. It was noticed that some glasses of water, sent out to be replenished, flushed with a suspicious hue on their return; and Longfellow privately suggested that the younger lady might be invited to send down into her cellar for some of the wines she had so well described, since the elder would allow none up stairs. Mrs. Stowe sat on Lowell's right, who was said to have endeavored to convince her that "Tom Jones" was the best novel ever written; while Doctor Holmes taxed his lively wit in demonstrating to Dr. Stowe that all swearing really had its origin in the pulpit. There are those still living who can recall the astonished face of that reverend divine when his host gravely asserted that there were whole families in Boston upon whom the Fall of Man had never had the slightest visible influence—ns, for instance, the Wares. We dwell on these details to convince our readers, and the Autocrat himself, if necessary, that if there never was an Atlantic Club, there were at least some very lively "Atlantic" dinners.

But all these deficiencies may be regarded as minor matters, since the main interest which will attract most readers to the book will lie in those literary estimates of which it chiefly consists. The very fact of the great difference in quality, if not in grade, of genius between the author and the subject will enhance this interest to the highest point. So remote, in truth, are the two men, that the book might almost be entitled "Contributions to the Natural History of the Wood-Thrush, by a Canary Bird." Sometimes, to our amazement, we find the two very dissimilar warblers singing the same note, as when Holmes endorses, with evident heartiness, Emerson's famous Divinity Hall address. Yet the divergence soon appears when the mystic bird of the woods sounds a note too high. Thus, Emerson's essay on "The Over-soul," in which so many have found, or thought they found, a jubilant delight, is to Holmes only a "rhapsody" (p. 172); and he speaks with what can only be called contempt of the "Essay on Immortality" (p. 292). But we must take a man, or a bird, for the notes that he can reach, not for those which do not properly belong to his genus or sub-order. On the whole, the criticisms on Emerson's prose, though they sometimes appear tame or perfunctory, are sympathetic as to the matter, and not unappreciative in respect to the manner; but it is when the critic comes to the poetry that we see how two fine minds may meet, despite all variations of temperament. Even here we find some criticism that is merely academical, as where Holmes complains of the redundant syllable in Emerson's line—

"By his own meek and incorruptible will"—

and calls it a "span-worm line," lifting up its back in the middle (page 320). One is led to suspect the critic of being rather led away and captured by his own stroke of wit, as will sometimes happen—for his span-worm objection would work destruc-

tion on many of Milton's finest cadences; and of Shakspere's—

"The multitudinous seas incarnadine"—
would leave not a trace.

It is a satisfaction to find, after this specimen, that when the same style of academical treatment is carried still further by Mr. Matthew Arnold, Doctor Holmes is all ready to protest against it, and declines, as it were, to allow any one else to prescribe for his venerated patient. He very neatly disposes of the main strength of Mr. Arnold's well-known criticism on Emerson's poetry by showing it to be vitiated at the outset by a misapprehension of Milton's phrase, on which it rests. It is a favorite rhetorical method of Matthew Arnold—and one which may, in time, become a mannerism—to take some weighty maxim or other statement of a favorite author, assume it as an axiom, and proceed to deduce propositions and corollaries. The plain limitation of the method is that the chain of inferences can never be stronger than the peg on which it hangs. In Emerson's case the axiomatic point of departure was Milton's supposed definition of poetry—"simple, sensuous, passionate." Holmes does not trouble himself about Arnold's chain of inferences, but strikes boldly at that which supports it, and down comes the peg. Milton, as he points out, never gave those three adjectives as his definition of poetry, and would have been very much at fault had he done so. These are Holmes's words:

"The passage containing this must be taken, not alone, but with the context. Milton had been speaking of 'Logic' and of 'Rhetoric,' and spoke of poetry 'as being less subtle and fine, but more simple, sensuous and passionate.' This relative statement, it must not be forgotten, is conditioned by what went before. If the terms are used absolutely, and not comparatively, as Milton used them, they must be very elastic if they would stretch widely enough to include all the poems which the world recognizes as masterpieces—nay, to include some of the best of Milton's own" (p. 315).

Arnold's dictum being thus neatly set aside, Doctor Holmes undertakes to make his own estimate, and begins thus:

"In spite of what he said about himself in his letter to Carlyle, Emerson was not only a poet, but a very remarkable one. Whether a great poet or not, will depend on the scale we use and the meaning we affix to the term. The heat at eighty degrees of Fahrenheit is one thing, and the heat at eighty degrees of Réaumur is a very different matter. The rank of poets is a point of very unstable equilibrium. From the days of Homer to our own, critics have been disputing about the place to be assigned to this or that member of the poetic hierarchy. It is not the most popular poet who is necessarily the greatest; Wordsworth never had half the popularity of Scott or Moore" (pp. 315-316).

He then proceeds to an analysis, not always admiring, perhaps not always just, yet sincere, faithful, and marked by that breadth which Emerson's admirers found wanting in the estimate of Arnold. When Arnold seriously said in his lecture that the whole body of Emerson's verse was not worth Longfellow's pleasure and rather tame little poem of "The Bridge," he did not really criticise Emerson, but himself; and assigned himself definitively to a certain school of poetry. No doubt, many another critic would prefer "The Lady of the Lake" to the *opera omnia* of Emerson. Longfellow and Arnold, could these all be brought together in a volume, like the "Coleridge, Shelley and Keats" of our early years. It is not really a question of preference, but of standard; and it is the supreme merit of Holmes's criticism that he shows himself able to go beyond the limitations of his own school, and do honor to a poet utterly dissimilar to himself. The reader can well forgive many a fault of omission and commission in a book that leaves to us the bequest of such generous praise for another. It

is a fine act of self-abnegation when one who has so successfully cultivated his own well-defined field of genius expresses cordial admiration for a domain more vast, and recognizes the symbolic meaning of Virgil's simple maxim:

"Laudato ingentia rura,
Exigua colito."

RECENT NOVELS.

Dorcas, the Daughter of Faustina. By Nathan C. Kouns. Fords, Howard & Hulbert.

Ramona. By Helen Jackson ("H. H."). Boston: Roberts Bros.

Fair Diana. By "Wanderer." Scribner & Welford.

Gladys Fane. By T. Wemyss Reid. Scribner & Welford.

Mitchelhurst Place. By Margaret Veley. Harper's Franklin Square Library.

The Lover's Creed. By Mrs. Cashel Hoey. Harper's Franklin Square Library.

The Mistletoe Bough. Edited by M. E. Braddon. Harper's Franklin Square Library.

The Children of Issachar. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Le Mari de la Diva. Par Fortuné du Boisgobey. Paris: Dentu; New York: F. W. Christern.

Yvette. Par Guy de Maupassant. Paris: Victor Havard; New York: F. W. Christern.

On the first page of "Dorcas" we read of "Varus, who was terribly defeated in the forest of Teutoberg [sic] in the days when Tiberius was Emperor." It would be hypercriticism not to suppose that Tiberius was substituted for Augustus by an accident, for the great Emperor's mourning for the lost legions is of the "a b c" of classical story; but that such a mistake could pass to final imprint augurs ill for the writer's thoroughness of knowledge or for his full possession of his subject. There is nothing later in the book to remove this unfortunate impression. There is a good deal of heavy argument, borrowed directly from the early fathers, intermingled with episodes in which wholly modern types of feeling are displayed in most incongruous surroundings, and in which it is rather the sense of what his public will require, than his own taste, that keeps the writer within the proprieties. The preface tells us it is "a story of what I beheld as in a vision, in the subterranean darkness of the catacombs." Apparently Mr. Kouns has never heard of "Fabiola"; or, The Church of the Catacombs, which was a familiar book in the fifties, or he would never have brought his slender outfit into comparison with the wealth of learning, the vivid imagination, the impassioned faith of Cardinal Wiseman.

As might have been expected, "Ramona" contains many beautiful sketches. Southern California is a fruitful field for romantic subjects, whether the choice be from scenery, people, or modes of life. Mrs. Jackson has arranged her groups to present all the striking contrasts the situation can furnish. Spaniard, Mexican, and Indian all play their parts, with the old ranche, the Franciscan mission, the Indian village, the mountain cañon for background. The first half of the book is a series of most picturesque descriptions of summer life on a great California estate, in which are mingled, as episodes, traditions and incidents from the history of the missions in the days of their glory. The adopted daughter of the châtelaine (the Señora Morena deserves the title) falls in love with the head of the Indian band of sheep-shearers. That the man is a chief of his tribe, and that the girl herself is half Indian, makes no difference in the wrath of the Señora, so the pair fly to the mountains. Here begins the second half of the story, which contains the exposure of the wrongs the

Indian has suffered, the plea for justice to him which was widely advertised last year as the purpose of the book. The village of Alessandro, the Indian, had been destroyed, before his flight with Ramona, by the advancing American, and ever after he is driven from place to place, building only to have his home forced from him, planting only to leave the harvest to the merciless invader. His child dies for want of help from the hard-hearted Government surgeon. His own reason gives way at last, and he is shot dead by a miscreant in punishment for the mistake of a softening brain. Ramona is almost dying of fever when she is rescued by her cousin, the faithful Felipe.

It is all extremely well-meant. There is a pathetic grace about Ramona that is always appealing. Alessandro is chivalric in his love to his wife and his devotion to his people. But in spite of the harrowing details, the tale is just as effective, no more, no less, as one of Southey's fine-sounding metrical romances. Pleased as the reader may be by the fair landscape spread out before him, he cannot believe that the figures are alive, that either their sufferings or their joys are real. This may be explained by so simple a reason as the entire want of proper construction, understanding the word in the first place to mean simply the order of events. They are sometimes so reversed—as, for instance, the Señora's discovery of the lovers and Alessandro's declaration—that it takes a look at the numbering of the pages to convince us that they have not been misplaced by the mistake of the binder. A story that is only to be entertaining must be well planted—it must have times and seasons; how much more, then, if it is to be a convincing appeal to popular feeling. Such sweeping changes as the secularization of the church property, the crowding in of the gold-hunters, the occupation of the rich valleys for the wheat-growing, need, we will not say full explanation, but more than mere indirect allusion, to make the course of events clear. So loosely is the narrative put together that the only date given simply increases the difficulty of making the ages and positions of the personages agree.

It may be urged that a story could be so interesting that most readers would be unconscious of any such failings. Granted, but Mrs. Jackson has committed the far graver mistake of winding up her argument with a most unfortunate anti-climax. Any lawyer trained to address a jury could have told her better. Alessandro and Ramona stand for their race, and their wrongs are to appeal to our sympathy, to obtain justice for their people. The reader should be left oppressed with the burden of their sorrows. So far from that are we, that though the murdered Alessandro is left dead on the lonely San Jacinto, Ramona disappears in a halo of prosperity. It was not enough to hint that she married her cousin, but it is told in regular newspaper fashion: "The story of the romance of their lives, being widely rumored, greatly enhanced the interest with which they were welcomed. The beautiful Señora Morena was the theme of the city." There have been books written which stirred men's hearts to undo the wrong, to establish the right, but it was in no such fashion as this. Their moral force, their actual success, was in exact proportion to their simple reality, to their artistic literary merit.

"Fair Diana" being avowedly a hunting novel, technical expressions are in order. The slang of the hunting-field, race-course, and stable is abundant, but it is not so excessive as to depress a sensitive reader with a consciousness of his ignorance of his native tongue. The horse stands first in the affections of the author, who assumes humanity's moment of supreme ecstasy to be that of the dash forward to the cry, "Tally ho! Tally ho! Gone away!" His observations of men and women on their feet are not profound, and, infected by the atmosphere of the book, we can find no truly descriptive phrase for his characters except "a cheap lot." To do Diana justice, her cheapness is more of association than of nature. Her love affairs have a rashness which may be inseparable from her habit of flying fences and ditches as regularly and calmly as most girls go to church. In the management of her escapades after marriage the author excites sympathy for her, and raises his novel above the level of a hunting manual.

There is nothing very new in the story of a young girl driven to indiscretions by a stepmother's tyranny, or in the misery of a woman's love for a man who has already a wife carefully concealed from the public eye. Yet these materials form the backbone of the long novel "Gladys Fane," now in its fourth edition. Such incidents may manifestly be employed to illustrate the extreme either of virtue or vice, and choice is here made of the former alternative. In spite of her scorn of conventions, no one could be purer in heart than Gladys, unless, indeed, it be her lover, Rex Mansfield. The only obstruction to appreciation of Mansfield's nobility is the belief that he could, very properly and speedily, have obtained a divorce from an Asiatic woman married in his boyhood and separated from him for sixteen years through no fault of his. Chapters of gloom and a bitter end have, however, plainly been predetermined, and the author does not mean to be deterred from his purpose by a trifle. He flings much gratuitous contempt and cynicism at the world quite outside of the world with which he has for the time to do. Then he shows his extended acquaintance with vice by the introduction of the veriest blackleg of a prince, associated with a servile, lying Smyrniate, the brother of Mansfield's wife. Occasional episodes are rather remarkably well written, but they do not redeem a pervading falseness and absurdity, nor do they explain at all why the author is, in season and out of season, clamorously worshipful of the English nobility.

"Mitchelhurst Place" has a commonplace plot with a bright, natural heroine, and one or two forcible scenes. Harding's morbid ill-temper is more prominent than his proper pride, and a show of resolution in adverse circumstances would have won him more sympathy. The pathos of his love for Barbara is destroyed by his unnecessary courtesy to her. She could hardly fail to misconceive his feeling, and, though there is actual cruelty in her attitude toward him at the last, the distinction between cruelty in fact and in intention is finely drawn.

In "The Lover's Creed"—which is "One and only"—there is no lack of incident cunningly fitted together, all captious objections being foreseen and provided against. A call to the Crimea separates Jack Basset from Mavis Wynn, and they are among the numbers upon whom the fatal mismanagement of the war entailed a great deal of wretchedness. In the events which keep them apart and finally bring them together, there is nothing to excite incredulity; but the development of a romance of Squire Basset's life through and with that of his son is a severe trial of faith. However, granting the circumstances, it may be conceded that the people preserve a consistent individuality throughout. Mavis Wynn is a heroine with just enough strength of character, and the Bassets, father and son, are attractive, manly figures. Add to these merits the pleasant bits of French domestic life, and Mrs. Hoey's style, familiar without vulgarity, if a trifle over-decorated with Latin, and we have a novel from which any one may extract a few hours' entertainment.

The twelve stories contained in "The Mistletoe Bough" are an outspoken protest against an as-

sumption of that Christmas joyousness which has long ceased to be spontaneous, in literature, at all events. Those which are not positively woful impress us as originally intended to culminate in despair, a cheerful dénouement being chosen only for the sake of variety. Not one incident is exceptionally strange, piquant, or amusing, nor is any one complete in itself. The people and circumstances would fit comfortably into almost any English society novel; and of short stories, as such, no more conclusive condemnation can be spoken.

Several attempts have been made to combine romance with a full, free, dispassionate exposition of the Reconstruction period, but the successful one is not yet. The best that can be said of "The Children of Issachar," viewed as a political essay, is that it presents forcibly but not completely what is already known about the iniquities of Republican politicians in the South during the years immediately succeeding the civil war. The position apparently taken by the author, that palpable wrong may be properly set right by the arbitrary action of a secret society whose authority is self-constituted, is not defensible. If the Ku Klux represented the "children of Issachar," they were not, what they are reported to have been, wise men who knew what Israel ought to do. Considered as a story, the book is still more unsatisfactory. The love-tragedy does not grow out of the political situation in Georgia in 1867-68. It is, moreover, an unpleasant variety of tragedy, not improved by the author's formal and pedantic manner. The classical love-making of Mr. Alfred Rowe has a musty flavor, and the young man in real life who may think of imitating him is warned against signing his own death-warrant. The local character-sketches, however, are decidedly strong, and suggest that, unhampered by politics or romance, the author might write something well worth reading.

M. du Boisgobey is not seen at his best in the "Mari de la Diva," which, although interesting enough in a way, is, after all, little more than a variant of the regulation Parisian novel. The Parisian novel may be divided into two broad classes: in the first there is an honest husband and a faithless wife; in the second there is a devoted wife and a faithless husband. The "Mari de la Diva" belongs in the second of these classes. The diva is a model wife, while her husband is all that a husband ought not to be. She lets him waste her fortune and goes back to the stage again to make more; but on the night of her first reappearance as *Juliette*, in Gounod's "Roméo et Juliette"—a part in which she had once been unsurpassed—she sees him in the box of her hated rival; so in the potion scene she takes real poison and dies as the curtain falls. This is the chief effect, though there is a good duel afterward: M. du Boisgobey makes a specialty of duels. He is also nothing if not moral, in the old conventional manner. He shows that the best-laid plots may come to naught, and that a man may smile and smile and be a villain still; and that honesty is the best policy; and that vice is sure to be punished. In the "Mari de la Diva" the punishment of vice is sufficiently original to deserve notice. There is a male villain and there is a female villain. To begin the just reward of their misdeeds, they are married off to each other. Then the male villain tries to drop the female villain down a crevasse in a glacier near Chamonix, but the female villain is wary and drags him in after her.

There is a sharp contrast in coming from the "Mari de la Diva" to "Yvette"; it is like passing from the fantasy of a fairy tale to the actuality of an essay in social science. M. du Boisgobey's dolls are stuffed with sawdust, while M. de Maupassant's men and women have blood in their veins. M. de Maupassant is the nephew and the

literary executor of Flaubert. He is also the chief of M. Zola's disciples, and perhaps the only one of them who is a man of real ability. His power no one will dispute who knows his volume of verse, modestly entitled 'Des Vers,' and now in its fourth or fifth edition, or the painful study called 'Une Vie.' He has more poetry in him than has Zola, more humor, too, both positive and negative, and a richer *esprit gaulois*. Though he is given to broad subjects, he has no liking for dirt as dirt; rather may it be said that he likes to paint the complete man, as does Walt Whitman. He rarely sinks to the sordid reality of Zola, and he is not fond, as Zola is, of holding an inquest on humanity in the presence of the corpse. In 'Yvette' a painful subject—the fate of a daughter of a leader in the *demi-monde*—is handled with sobriety and vigor. The situation is solved with inexorable logic, and although the outcome is sad indeed, it is the only possible solution according to the conditions.

A MODERN LITERARY LIFE.

Fifty Years of London Life. Memoirs of a Man of the World. By Edmund Yates. Harper & Bros.

MR. YATES's memoirs are chiefly valuable, or will hereafter be chiefly valuable, as presenting an accurate picture of the career of a literary man of our day, of a certain well-defined type; though to become such a littérateur as Mr. Yates, is perhaps not within the power of a large number of clever young men, even if endowed by nature with a good constitution and capacity for work. In some respects he has gifts beyond the common. That peculiar kind of impudence and recklessness best known as "cheek," Mr. Yates excels in—in fact, he is rather a man of cheek than a man of the world—and he combines with this an air of bonhomie and easy *savoir-faire* which will, we fancy, take with a great many readers. He tells with great frankness the whole story of his expulsion from the Garrick Club, at Thackeray's instance, in such a way as to give the impression that he feels, and always has felt, that he was unjustly treated in the matter, and that it was one with which the club had no concern, although his offence consisted in publishing a little sketch of a fellow-member, in which he said (speaking of his lectures): "The prices were extravagant, the lecturer's adulation of birth and position was extravagant, the success was extravagant. No one succeeds better than Mr. Thackeray in cutting his coat according to his cloth. . . . Our own opinion is, that his success is on the wane." And speaking of his conversation, he added that "it was either frankly cynical or affectedly benevolent and good-natured." Club life has made so much progress since 1858, that there are, we presume, plenty of clubs in which a little "notice" of this kind by one member of another would merely cause a laugh at the latter's expense; but there can hardly be a question that, at the time, the rules governing the intercourse and behavior of members of a club like the Garrick positively forbade the publication of such sketches. Such was the view taken by the club, which Mr. Yates was compelled to leave in disgrace; and it was really a monumental piece of audacity to resort, after Thackeray's death, to the device of taking the public into his confidence as to this episode. Mr. Yates's artless tale convicts him out of his own mouth of being a man of matchless impudence, and eminently qualified for the high position which he now occupies as a "society journalist"—that is, as a vender of titillate, gossip, and scandal about titled people.

Few young men of letters could hope to reach the level obtained by Mr. Yates; but if they will read his memoirs they will clearly discover what

a very hard life writing for money is, and how poorly literature "pays" in the commercial sense. Mr. Yates began as a poet, then took to novels, sketches, editing, newspaper correspondence, lecturing, and finally to society journalism. He went into literature as, we fancy, nine-tenths of the bright young men who take it up begin—not because he had anything of importance that he wanted to say, but because he was attracted by the idea of writing, liked the society of literary men, overrated the importance of "fame" in the world, and underrated the importance of money. If it were not for the generous ambition which leads young men to do this, careers would be chosen with more judgment, and there would be vastly fewer literary men in the world. Mr. Yates has managed, according to his own account, to make a living out of literature, as a man with his natural gifts would probably have made a living out of anything he undertook; but only after years of anxious toil, during many of which he could not have got along had he not derived a small revenue from the Post-office. He has written a number of novels, which curiously enough, whether on account of their badness or for some other reason, have found many readers; his lectures in this country were successful, and he has helped the circulation of his paper by getting himself sentenced to jail for its libellous character. He has left no stone unturned to get either notoriety or a cash equivalent for it; but the largest income that he mentions himself as receiving is only £1,200 (\$6,000), and that for newspaper correspondence of the most arduous and wearing kind. Few men can hope to do as well pecuniarily in literature; few men would like to do as well in the same way.

It is really an tolerably rosy picture of a not very rosy modern literary life that Mr. Yates's volume is interesting. He belongs to an altogether new species of writers, though to a very old genus—the hack. Singularly enough, he has evidently got out of literature what few people who are genuinely literary get out of it—a vast amount of substantial enjoyment. The society and friendship of literary men, the opportunity of being very nearly "one of them"—there is a boyish naïveté about his descriptions of his feelings on the subject which is perhaps the most attractive thing in the book—are nearest to his heart. His stories and anecdotes of them are sometimes good, though more often flat, and show more zeal and memory than discrimination. But his reminiscences of Dickens, Thackeray, and other of the distinguished men of his earlier days are often entertaining.

The Garrick Club episode throws a flood of light on the difference between Thackeray and Dickens which grew out of it, and which lasted all their lives. Yates was a friend of Dickens, and it is obvious that the latter did not see what there was in the little "sketch" that should make Thackeray so implacable. Nobody who reads these memoirs can fail to see that the root of the difficulty was that Thackeray felt himself to be dealing with a man who was not a gentleman in the acceptation of that term then prevalent—one who especially could not discriminate between deliberate insult and an unintentional slight. The difference goes to the root of breeding, and breeding in those days counted for a good deal more in "the society of gentlemen" than it does now. If Mr. Yates had accidentally trod upon Thackeray's foot in the club, an apology for his awkwardness would, in the then prevailing code, have wiped the whole affair out. Thackeray would have been bound to accept his apology. The difficulty with Mr. Yates's statement of his case is, that he appears to think the deliberate publication of insulting criticism for money stands on the same footing with an accident of this sort. He was perfectly willing to

apologize and shake hands, and never could understand what hurt Thackeray so much. So utterly did he fail to comprehend the rancor he had excited in Thackeray's mind, that he attempted in later years to show that there was no feeling on his own side by sending a contribution to the *Cornhill*, when his enemy was editing that magazine. It is hardly necessary to say that it was returned by the editor's direction. Dickens does not seem to have understood much better than Yates did, and apparently took the view that there is a sort of absolute duty of forgiveness and forgetfulness, at any rate if your fellow-Christian apologizes—a view preached every day in thousands of Christian churches, but not, in Mr. Yates's early days, admitted in club life.

WEST-INDIA YACHTING.

The Cruise of the Montauk to Bermuda, the West Indies, and Florida. By James McQuade. 1 vol., 8vo. Thomas R. Knox & Co. 1885.

In the Trades, the Tropics, and the Roaring Forties. By Lady Brassey. 1 vol., 8vo. Henry Hall & Co. 1885.

WHEN properly pursued there is none of the so-called manly sports more invigorating, physically and mentally, than the peculiarly Anglo-Saxon pastime of yachting. In England, its conditions are conducive to its development in its best form. The iron-bound coasts and stormy waters of the narrow seas render it a necessity that the yacht shall be a strong, able, weatherly craft, of which the first requisite is that it can hold its own against wind and water. Our coast, with its more sheltered cruising grounds, has developed a class of boats in which strength and safety are subordinated to speed, and yachting has had a tendency to degenerate into racing for prizes in regattas, lying at anchor at Newport and Bar Harbor, and even perhaps sometimes into coarse dissipation when relieved from the restraint of home and family. We are glad to notice within the past few years a disposition to a manlier development which promises to render yachting what it ought to be—an amusement which strengthens the nerves, hardens the muscles, and calls forth whatever reserve of power a man may have within him. Any one who, in a little boat, has contended with a cyclone in the Gulf Stream, will be the better of the experience, and will enjoy, with a sense of power hitherto unknown, the consciousness of man's ability to cope with the elemental forces of Nature.

It is somewhat strange, indeed, that our American yachtsmen seem, only within comparatively a few years, to have discovered what an unrivaled cruising-ground they possess in the Caribbean Sea. By keeping well to windward on the voyage thither, and making for Barbados as the first port, the yachtsman has at his command everything that an amateur sailor can ask for. He can reckon almost with certainty on a ten or twelve-knot breeze, steady in character and direction. He has before him the most charming climate, the bluest of water, rarely lashed into a heavy sea, and there lies within his reach, from Demerara to St. Thomas, a series of harbors where sea and land, mountain and tropical forest, are grouped in the most varied and picturesque loveliness, and among which he will rarely be obliged to haul his sheets close. If a yachtsman asks for more than this, he should be condemned to an eternal Malebolge of Newport dancing-parties on board his boat, with an infinity of Chinese lanterns and brass bands.

A knowledge of this delightful cruising seems gradually to be spreading, and the signals of the New York and Eastern Clubs are becoming known at Bridgetown and St. Pierre. It is to be hoped that the good work may go on, and our

yachts and their owners become better fitted for blue water, and less adapted and addicted to Long Island Sound. Such books as these before us will have a healthy influence in this direction. It is true that 'The Cruise of the *Montauk*' is somewhat painful reading, owing to its persistent jocularities. If the author had followed the example of Dr. Holmes, who tells us that he

"Never dared to write
As funny as I can."

the function of reader as well as of writer would have been less laborious. Still, the record is one which will be followed with interest by all who are fond of sea experiences; and though the course of the cruise might perhaps have been altered to advantage, enough is revealed of the inexhaustible attractions of the Windward Islands to tempt other adventurous yachtmen to follow the example of the owner of the *Montauk*. The volume would have been better without the stiff and somewhat harsh illustrations.

Everybody likely to read Lady Brassey's new book must already be familiar with her former accounts of sea travel, and will know what to expect from her enviable and tireless vigor of sight-seeing. Practice, we are glad to say, has given her greater facility with the pen and improved descriptive power. In 'In the Trades, the Tropics, and the Roaring Forties,' she takes us from Madeira to Trinidad, thence to La Guayra and, Caracas Jamaica, the Bahamas, Bermuda, and home by way of the Azores. There is thus ample variety of scenery and of civilization to relieve the monotony of sailing adventures, and the volume is full of illustrations, many of them of considerable artistic merit. The introduction of maps is a feature which might have been adopted with advantage in 'The Cruise of the *Montauk*'; while, as a matter of taste, one rather wonders to see her ladyship's portrait adorning the title-page.

The Empire of the Hittites. By William Wright, B.A., D.D. With Decipherment of Hittite Inscriptions, by Prof. A. H. Sayce, LL.D.; a Hittite Map, by Col. Sir Charles Wilson, F.R.S., etc., and Captain Conder, R.E.; and a Complete Set of Hittite Inscriptions, revised by Mr. W. H. Rylands, F.S.A. New York: Scribner & Welch. 1884.

Two groups of Hittites appear in the Old Testament: Canaanites, descendants of Heth, the second son of Canaan, who dwelt mainly in the mountains of Judah and Ephraim, and tribes beyond the borders of Palestine, who had kings of their own in the times of Solomon and his successors. To the first group, who were a leading people in Canaan before the Hebrew conquest, and are sometimes spoken of as representatives of the whole Canaanitish race, belonged Ephron the Hittite, of whom Abraham bought the burial-ground at Hebron; Beeri the Hittite and Elon the Hittite, whose daughters Esau married; the Hittites who fought Joshua at the waters of Merom; the Hittites on whom Solomon levied a tribute of bond-service; and probably the officers of David, Ahimelech the Hittite and Uriah the Hittite. To the other group belonged the Hittites for whose kings merchants of Solomon brought chariots and horses from Egypt; the Hittites whose presumed sudden descent for the relief of Samaria frightened away the besiegers of that city, under Ben-hadad; and probably the Hittites in whose land the betrayer of Luz built a new town of that name, as well as the Hittitees mentioned among the foreign women who turned away Solomon's heart after strange gods. Who these independent Hittites were, whom the Pentateuch apparently ignores, and none of whose cities or kings are anywhere mentioned by name, was somewhat puzzling to former expositors;

and to a few radically rationalistic critics they appeared somewhat mythical. But the Egyptian and Assyriological decipherments of our age have vindicated the Bible and restored a nation to ancient history. The Hittites of the books of Kings are the Kheta of the Egyptian monuments and Khatti of the cuneiform inscriptions, a warlike nation of northern Syria, against whom the great Pharaohs Thothmes III. and Rameses II. and the Assyrian conqueror Tiglath-Pileser I. waged obstinate wars before there was a king in Israel, and whose independence outlived the Israelitish kingdom of the ten tribes. Among their chief cities, made memorable by the boastful inscriptions of their Egyptian and Assyrian foes, were Carchemish, on the Euphrates, and Kadesh, on the Orontes. They succumbed to Sargon, King of Assyria, toward the close of the eighth century B.C.

So much is established almost beyond dispute, and it is now also generally assumed that the Hittites of Canaan and those of northern Syria were one people, the former being detached members of the main body. On this a lofty superstructure of Hittite history and antiquities has lately been reared by some Orientalists, chief among whom is Professor Sayce. The author of the book before us, who in 1872 succeeded in securing for the British Museum casts of the mysterious Hamah inscriptions, discovered by Burckhardt in the beginning of this century, pronounced the engraved stones Hittite remains. Professor Sayce reached the same conclusion, and for years he has been indefatigable in proclaiming and endeavoring to prove the Hittite origin of everything in the least resembling the Hamathite hieroglyph-like engravings that has been discovered between the upper Euphrates and the Grecian Archipelago—at Aleppo, at the presumed site of Carchemish, in Cappadocia, in Lycaonia, or in Lydia. On the ground of these discoveries the Hittites have been raised to the dignity of a nation remarkable for the successful cultivation of the arts both of war and peace, for whom no less is claimed than that they "had carried their arms, their art, and their religion to the shores of the Aegean, and that the early civilization of Greece and Europe was as much indebted to them as it was to the Phoenicians." Mr. Wright's book is, in the main, a manifold echo of this view of Mr. Sayce, with the addition of testimony from Captain Conder, Colonel Wilson, Dr. Isaac Taylor, and others. What renders this work chiefly interesting is its illustrations, comprising reproductions of the Hamah, Aleppo, Jerabis (or "Carchemish"), Ibriz, and Tyana inscriptions; of the Marash inscribed lion, Layard's and Schlumberger's "Hittite" seals, a cartouche from "Niobe on Mount Sipylus," Herodotus's Sesostris (near Sardes), the silver boss "of Tarkondemos with Hittite and cuneiform inscriptions," etc. The inscriptions are all undeciphered and sadly forbidding in their obscurity, and the chapter contributed by Sayce, headed "Decipherment of the Hittite Inscriptions," is merely a tentative first step toward the discovery of a key. This attempt is characteristic of the Oxford professor's self-assurance in piling guesses and surmises upon conjectures and hypotheses.

The ardor with which the resuscitation of the Hittites is pursued is in part, especially with Mr. Wright, owing to a desire to vindicate and exalt the historical narratives of the Scriptures; but it oversteps the legitimate bounds of zealous inquiry. The haste with which in this field conclusions are formed and repeated is unworthy of serious investigators. Speaking of Hebron (in 'Fresh Light from the Ancient Monuments'), Professor Sayce adds: "Another Hittite city in the south of Judah was Kirjath-sepher, or 'Book-

town,' also known as Debir, 'the sanctuary,' a title which reminds us of that of Kadesh, 'the holy city.' We may infer from its name that Kirjath-sepher contained a library stocked with Hittite books." Mr. Wright quotes this (page 47) without asking himself, Is there in all the Bible a warrant for calling Debir a Hittite city? Taking Sayce's guess for a fact, he says elsewhere (p. 71): "No doubt the name Kirjath-sepher, or Booktown, the name of a Hittite town near Hebron, has some reference to Hittite literature," and, in addition (p. 130), cites M. de Rougé as saying that "Hebron, the Hittite town of Palestine, once bore the name of Kirjath-sepher, or 'City of Books'"—in which, by some kind of slip or other, Hebron, which was also named Kirjath-seba, is substituted for Debir, or Kirjath-sepher. In the same manner Professor Sayce's incorrect statement (*loc. cit.*) that the Septuagint shows that in II. Sam., xxiv, 6 the true reading is not "to Gilend and to the land of Tahtim-hodshi," but "to Gilead and the land of the Hittites of Kadesh"—whereas the Septuagint shows no such thing, and the emendation is of recent origin—is not only copied by Mr. Wright without examination (p. 50), but enlarged by the equally incorrect statement that the correction is confirmed by "the best Hebrew manuscripts." On p. 80 the strange assertion is made that Aholibamah, the name of one of Esau's wives, was "doubtless" her older Hittite name, which, linguistically considered, is like saying that Andromache is doubtless a Semitic name, or Cleopatra old Egyptian. And the author adds: "This may explain the fact, which has so much puzzled commentators, that Esau's wives had double names." But what has puzzled commentators in regard to these ladies is not double names, but a whole chain of discrepancies (comp. Gen. xxxvi, 35 with Gen. xxxvi, 2).

The English and Scottish Popular Ballads. Edited by Francis James Child. Part 2. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

In a previous number of the *Nation* (No. 926, March 29, 1883) we gave, in a notice of Part 1, a general account of this great work. In the second part the same wide knowledge and the same thorough scholarship, in the highest sense of that term, are as conspicuous as they were in the portion previously published, and the unwearyed industry which has forgotten nothing and overlooked nothing shows itself as before on every page. The number of ballads contained in this part number twenty-five. They are naturally of different degrees of literary merit, but in the light they throw upon popular beliefs and superstitions they are all of importance. The first three, dealing as they do with the Arthurian legend, are indeed, as Professor Child points out, a part of the equipment of the professional minstrel, rather than of old women whose duty it is to amuse children, or of young women whose pleasure it is to amuse themselves. Yet even in these there is much that gives insight into the sentiments of the past. The lofty conception of rigid propriety on the part of women which, in an age of general looseness, men delight to entertain as a sort of compensation for their own misconduct, is graphically pictured in the very lively ballad of "The Boy and the Mantle," with which this part opens. Here a standard of excessive purity is set up which no one ever desired or even thought desirable to attain; but it is, after all, the sort of ideal which men of loose lives are disposed to insist upon in the case of their female relations.

These Arthurian ballads form, however, but a small portion of the work. Some of the rest are thoroughly popular in the sense that they revel coarse and disgusting images; one of them—

the ballad of "Kempy Kay"—is, in fact, so thoroughly popular in this sense that the reading of it is almost sufficient to turn an ordinary stomach. Against such are to be set off many passages of great beauty, and one ballad in particular—that of "Tam Lin"—a ballad peculiar to Scotland, is one of the finest productions that the poetical genius of that country has given us. Poems of this kind are, indeed, so eminently an expression of the sentiments that sway great masses of men, that it is inevitable that in them both the wealth and the poverty, the elevation and the degradation, of human nature should be clearly manifested.

We seem to see that in this second part Professor Child has made more concession to the weakness of human nature than he did in the first. The introductions to the separate ballads give, in the portion of the work now under notice, the underlying plot, without breaking in upon the course of the narrative by pointing out during its progress the variations which the incidents have undergone in the different versions. This may be due to accident or design, but it would certainly be hard, in consequence, to find anywhere stories more entertaining or more charmingly told than some that are contained in these introductions. They will add greatly to the interest of the work in the eyes of the general reader; and as nothing is sacrificed by the manner of relation, they will be equally welcome to the special student.

In finishing our brief notice of this work, it would be unjust to close without saying a word as to the style in which it has been brought out. Too much praise can hardly be given to the publishers for the manner in which they have done their part. It is certainly satisfactory to find that one of the greatest achievements of American scholarship is fittingly embodied in work which reflects peculiar credit upon American typography.

The New Book of Kings. By J. Morrison Davidson (of the Middle Temple), Barrister at Law. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1884.

WHAT Artemus Ward might have called the "king business" is, like many other industries, somewhat depressed at the present time. An Emperor of Russia who cannot leave his house for fear of being murdered is not well calculated "pour encourager les autres." If the Republic lasts a few years longer in France, it will be difficult to find anybody at the next Revolution with a title to the throne which is not ridiculous. When the German Empire coolly confiscated in Hanover the sovereign rights of one of the oldest dynasties in Europe, it adopted a course which is more than likely to return to plague the inventor. The theory has been tenaciously held in England, that the House of Lords is extremely popular with the nation, and that an Englishman "dearly loves a lord." During the agitation respecting the Franchise Bill, however, that faith has been rudely shaken, and there is strong evidence that the country is nearly prepared to make short work of that venerable institution. The Prince of Wales is reported, whether truly or not, to have said that he should be the last King of England.

The mainstay of royalty at present is the difficulty of finding a substitute. It is the old case of bearing the ills we have rather than fly to others that we know not of. Mr. Davidson is troubled by no such perplexing doubts. He has the ingenuous faith of the first French Revolution not only in the wisdom, justice, and common sense of the mass of the population, but in their capacity for transmuting these qualities into logical, efficient, and continuous action. What he hates is not so much individuals as indi-

viduality. Not the fiercest ward politician in the United States has a greater horror of one-man power. He delights in the abstract and abhors the concrete. He would amend Pope by reading, "Whatever is not is right." While he has not a good word for a single English ruler from William the Norman to Mr. Gladstone, he has real tenderness for Harold, the last Saxon King, apparently on the sole ground that he said to William: "My royalty comes to me from my people, and without my people's consent I cannot lay it down"—as if that was not precisely the pretext with which Louis Napoleon tried to blind the eyes of the French people and the world.

The catalogue of royal crimes which Mr. Davidson presents is no doubt very shocking; but to make the picture at all a fair one, it should be viewed not from the standpoint of the nineteenth century, but of the condition of the world and other governments at that time. Thus the reigns of Henry VIII. and Elizabeth seemed a golden age as compared with the calamities of the Wars of the Roses. It was the uprising of Europe against the horrors of the feudal system; and the same halo of glory rests upon the achievements of Richelieu and of Ferdinand and Isabella. What was meant by the absence of such rulers the Thirty Years' War in Germany sufficiently illustrated. Mr. Davidson's bitterest hatred is reserved for Oliver Cromwell, not because he was the worst ruler, but because he put a violent end to the government of the Commonwealth, which embodied Mr. Davidson's cherished dreams. We will give the organization in his own words:

"What the far-sighted statesmen of the Commonwealth strove ultimately to establish was biennial Parliaments, returned by the widest and most equal suffrage practicable. The House thus constituted was to elect a large Executive Committee for one year: this Committee or Council of State to choose its own President, monthly or otherwise, as it had a mind. By this means good administrators, irrespective of party, could be secured, and the reprehensible idolatry of Grand Old Men prevented. The Executive Committee, forty-one in number, under the Commonwealth, was divided into sub-committees for the different departments of State. These, after deliberation, reported first to the full Council and then to the House, and if their policy was affirmed, there was an end of the matter."

Bless him! he need not go back to the Commonwealth for that. We can show him a plenty of examples, identical in principle, in the State legislatures and city governments of this country; and if the results under the Commonwealth were anything like those arrived at here, there are, to say the least, two sides to the Cromwell question.

The truth is, that the problem which popular government has been trying for a century to work out is how to combine executive administration strong enough to hold society together, with responsibility to the will of the people exercised through their representatives. The attempt to solve this by placing all power in the hands of these representatives has repeatedly failed disastrously, leading through anarchy to despotism. That it will ultimately be successfully solved, we are glad, for the sake of our mental peace, that we firmly believe; but it will not be by the methods pointed out by Mr. Davidson.

Archbishop Leighton: a Short Biography, with Selections from His Writings. By William Blair, D.D. New York: A. C. Armstrong & Son.

A DAINTIER book than this is, in its external appearance, one would not care to see. Covers of white and gold enclose 250 pages of beautifully-printed matter, and on the title-page a tiny etching of Dunblane Cathedral lends an appropriate charm. For a long time Leighton has been known

to all except a few only by means of Coleridge's "Aids to Reflection," which are made up very largely from Leighton's writings, a fact in itself ample testimony to their excellence. "It never rains but it pours," the proverb says; and it has been made good by the recent appearance of at least two other notable criticisms of Leighton, one by Principal Tulloch and the other by Dr. John Stuart Blakie. Doctor Blair's biography is written warmly, tenderly, but without disagreeable effusion. That Leighton was of most gentle and forgiving disposition is shown by his allowing himself to be made a Bishop and afterward Archbishop of a Church that had subjected his father to the most cruel treatment—scourging, the pillory, mutilation, branding, and imprisonment until his death. Born in 1611, his father's sufferings made him a wanderer for many years, and it was not till 1641 that he was ordained a Presbyterian minister at Newbattle, a quiet parish six miles from Aberdeen. There he remained till 1653, when he became Principal of Edinburgh University. He continued in this position till after the Restoration, and then accepted one of four bishoprics established by Charles II. in Scotland, and chose Dunblane "because it was a little city." Doctor Blair does not make a vigorous defence of this astonishing proceeding. He admits that it was a serious blemish in a man whose character was almost wholly admirable. Certainly if this action had not something sordid in its character, it was one of the most heroic actions possible. In 1669 he was made Archbishop of Glasgow, without surrendering his bishopric.

The sermons selected by Dr. Blair as examples of Leighton's finest manner are three: "Christian Heroism," "Holiness," and "Follow Christ." "Discarding the method of multitudinous divisions," we are told, Leighton "made the text in its parts his keynote." He does not appear in these discourses and in the other matter selected—Commentary on First Peter, theological lectures, etc.—at such advantage as in Coleridge's brief quotations in his "Aids to Reflection." He has not that "wholeness of tissue" the lack of which Mr. Arnold complains of in Emerson, but he has in an eminent degree those qualities of "sweetness and light" which Mr. Arnold prizes most of all. The flow of the discourses is continually broken by the introduction of texts, not with chapter and verse in the usual Puritan manner, but by way of illustration, often aptly, but sometimes too ingeniously. If Leighton's preaching had the relative superiority that is claimed for it by Dr. Blair, the average of the time must have been low. It is not to be doubted that hundreds of sermons that are better than these are preached every week in England and the United States.

Reminiscences of Army Life under Napoleon Bonaparte. By Adelbert J. Doisy de Villargennes, former Vice-Consul of Italy at Cincinnati. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co. 1884. Pp. 98.

This interesting little book contains the personal recollections of an old gentleman of eighty-four of his experience in the Napoleonic wars when a very young man. He is first sent to Portugal in Junot's expedition, being then in the navy. On his return, he obtains his commission as *sous-lieutenant* in the army, and takes part in the battle of Essling, where he is wounded, and subsequently in that of Wagram, in 1809. On the conclusion of peace, his regiment with many others is sent to Spain. Here it forms a part of the army under Masséna. At Busaco it is cut to pieces in Ney's reckless attack on the English position; and "a considerable promotion took place," he says, "in our regiment." In the weary

weeks consumed in waiting before the lines of Torres Vedras, the two armies seem to have got on the best of terms with one another. Some amusing stories are given of the courtesies which the soldiers, until forbidden, were fond of exchanging with their respective antagonists. Finally, at Fuentes de Oñoro, our author is taken prisoner, carried to England, and there interned till the close of the war. He has nothing but good to say of the English; he speaks highly of their military prisons, of the regularity and justice with which they were managed, of the excellent fare served out to the men. In Scotland, where he spent a good part of his captivity, he acquired the friendship or at least acquaintance of some charming people, and even dined with Mr. Scott, afterwards Sir Walter.

There are no details of battles in this little work; M. Doisy justly says that every circumstance tends to incapacitate the subaltern from filling faithfully the office of reporter. But of the profound admiration and affection felt by the old soldiers of the Empire for their great leader, this volume bears frequent and abundant testimony. On the one hundredth anniversary of the Emperor's birthday, the French citizens of Detroit celebrated the occasion with a dinner, at which the old veteran presided, and reiterated his devotion to Napoleon and to his house. "The strict sense of justice, the generosity of Napoleon toward those who had served well, or toward the families of those who had fallen; his paternal attention to those in hospitals; his severe surveillance over the conduct of contractors for the supply of the troops; the commanding influence which he unaffectedly exerted over his most distinguished generals—all these aroused the enthusiasm of our soldiers."

There are many fresh and amusing sketches in these pages, and we bespeak for them a wide perusal.

The Book-Lover. A Guide to the Best Reading.
By James Baldwin. Chicago: Jansen, McClurg & Co. 1885.

THIS volume is really made up of a number of classified lists of books which the author thinks may serve either as the nucleus of libraries for home or school, or as guides to courses of reading in history, literature, theology, or political science. Between these lists are inserted passages of text which are meant to be helpful in the way of advice or stimulation. For the most part these consist of quotations very skilfully put together, and ranging from the oldest and most famous to the youngest and most obscure writers. The whole

makes a small and useful volume, especially for such readers as have access to any public library. It is not easy to err in such a work, since, when so much ground is covered in so few pages, the selection has practically been already made by time. In his references to contemporary literature Professor Baldwin does sometimes slip; the books he recommends in this field seem to indicate an acquaintance too narrowly limited to the monthly bulletins of American publishers. If one neglects, however, what he has to say of the *Nursery* and the various literary "Boy's" series, which have not been pre-eminently successful, one sees that he would bring up his "book-lover" on such pabulum as is found in any ordinary American library. In fact, his little manual, though vitiated in this respect by a redundancy in the department of poetry, is an instructive index of the scope of the literary culture provided by our public libraries outside of the great cities.

Some parts should have been expanded and made more precise. In the chapter on the very important subject of the selection of school libraries, the author gives only a few paragraphs of commonplace with no definite hints. The notes on the courses of reading, too, should have been fuller. The lists for English literature are the best, as was to be expected, since Professor Baldwin is a professor in that branch; but outside of that he merely catalogues obvious authorities, without indicating any especial knowledge of the subject in hand. The fact that he includes Mrs. Browning in the twenty-five most important authors in the literature of all our civilization, ancient and modern, is a sufficient token of the defects of his critical faculty when he trusts to it for his conclusions.

Studies in History. By Henry Cabot Lodge. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1884.

ELEVEN essays are here rescued from the semi-oblivion of periodical publication and gathered into book form. All but two of them are on American subjects, and even the two exceptions have a quite distinct American bearing. All of them are good reading, and several of permanent value. Mr. Lodge's strong point is his cheerful disregard of the conventional spectacles through which most American historians and biographers are used to look at the events of our history. Sewall's diary, with its record of the sufferings of the early Massachusetts colonists through cold and hunger, leads Mr. Lodge to notice "the ferocious practice of baptizing new-born babes at church, in all weathers," and the consequent high percentage of infant mortality. It was

"not only natural, but proper," that Cobbett should have been disliked because he was an Englishman, since "no people with an ounce of self-respect care to be lectured daily by a foreigner about their own affairs." Jackson regulating the finances and the currency was "like a monkey regulating a watch: he simply smashed everything, and then went out of office, leaving his successor to make the best of it." Webster, who saw nothing improper in accepting money presents from his personal and political friends, "protected his supporters' interests as the baron did his peasantry, and then levied tribute from them." Examples might easily be multiplied; but perhaps the clearest notion of Mr. Lodge's advantages and weaknesses might be gained by a parallel reading of his essay on "French Opinions of the United States" and Mr. Lowell's "On a Certain Condescension in Foreigners." Mr. Lodge's scolding lacks the scholarly facility of Mr. Lowell's, but it has a colloquial energy, directness, and profusion of its own.

Mr. Lodge makes the curious assertion (p. 202) that prior to the year 1860 four men—he is careful to emphasize it by adding "and only four"—Morris, Hamilton, Gallatin, and Dallas, had acquired great reputations as Secretaries of the Treasury; and not one of these four was a native of the country whose finances he administered. Surely, Robert J. Walker, if his tariff of 1846 was sufficiently iniquitous to exclude him from the list, deserved rather to be condemned than to be so cavalierly ignored.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

- Arnold, Katherine Lillian and Constance. *The Arnold Birthday Book.* Illustrated. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co. \$1.25.
 Bastian, A. *Der Fetsisch an der Küste Guineas.* Berlin: Weidmann.
 Birkhäuser, W. E. *Historical Sketch of the Organization, Administration, Material, and Tactics of the Artillery, United States Army.* Washington: James J. Chapman.
 Fornelli, N. *Educazione Moderna.* Turin: Cantù and Bertolero.
 Ginn, E. *Scott's Lady of the Lake.* [Classics for Children.] Boston: Ginn, Heath & Co. 40 cents.
 Henniss, G. *Der Neue Leitfaden.* Henry Holt & Co.
 Holroyd, Dorothy. *Within the Shadow.* Boston: D. Lothrop & Co. \$1.25.
 Howe, E. *The Mystery of the Locks.* Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co.
 Howells, W. D. *The Elevator: a Farce.* Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co. 50 cents.
 Hudson, W. H. *Sea Sickness: Its Cause, Nature, and Prevention.* Boston: S. E. Cassino & Co.
 Kinsey, C. *The Heretics.* [Classics for Children.] Boston: Ginn, Heath & Co. 40 cents.
 Mason, E. T. *Personal Traits of British Authors.* 2 vols. With Portraits. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.50 each.
 Falgrave, F. T. *The Poetical Works of John Keats.* Macmillan & Co. \$1.25.
 Stevens, H. *Who Spoils Our New English Books?* London: H. S. Stevens.
The Crime of Christmas Day: a Tale of the Latin Quarter. Harper's Franklin Square Library. 10 cents.
The Wearing of the Green: a Novel. Harper's Franklin Square Library. 20 cents.
 Wilson, W. *Congressional Government: a Study in American Politics.* Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$1.25.
 Wilson, G. E. *Ball Room Guide; or, Dancing Self-Taught.* Excelsior Publishing House. 75 cents.

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